The Outlook

AUGUST 30, 1922

GARVEYISM

IN the present circumstances of "Rt. Hon." Marcus Garvey—the "Negro Moses" and "Provincial President of the Republic of Africa"—Mr. O'Neill might find material for a play as gripping, almost, as "The Emperor Jones."

Uptown, at Liberty Hall in Harlem, New York City, Garvey dons robes of green, crimson, and black to preside over his third "world congress" of Negroes, grants titles of nobility, and divides up Africa into "dukedoms." Downtown, meanwhile, officials of the United States Department of Justice are preparing for his trial, early this fall, on charges growing out of misfortunes that have overtaken his steamship corporation, the Black Star Line, whereby the $600,000 invested by hard-working Negroes vanished into thin air.

In his schemes his Black Star Line was "vital." For years, now, he has told his followers that only by supporting the "merchant marine" and linking together the fragments of "scattered Ethiopia" could they hope to liberate Africa, unite civilize it, develop it, arm it, and make it a black Zion of refuge and at same time a defender of black men everywhere. Invariably his speeches, as well as the state documents issued through his newspaper, "The Negro World," led up to "And now a word about the Black Star Line; we must have ships—more and larger ships!"

Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois has gone on record as declaring his belief in the man's honesty, though he long ago foretold the consequence of slipshod business methods. Judge Panken, lecturing Garvey in the Seventh District Court, said, "It seems to me that you have been preying upon the gullibility of your own people, having kept no proper accounts of the money received for investment," but added, "There is a form of paranoia which manifests itself in believing one's self a great man." The Friends of Negro Freedom, however, are less charitable. Their poster, headed "Marcus Garvey Must Go!!!" invites "men and women, white and colored, foreign and native" to Shuffle Inn, where anti-Garveyism challenges Marcus (and the police) every Sunday afternoon.

According to Garvey's figures, Garveyism the world over has 4,500,000 adherents. According to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Belgian Consul has been inquiring about Garvey apropos of unrest in certain Belgian colonies. This has led the Association to call up the French Consulate, who, according to report, attributed unrest in certain French colonies to the same cause. According to Garvey's own published statement, his newspaper has been excluded from certain British colonies. A page of that paper is printed in Spanish. To reach Spanish-speaking America? Perhaps only to reach the now fairly numerous Spanish-speaking Negroes of Harlem, where a branch of the New York Public Library maintains a Spanish department. In all that relates to Garvey and Garveyism one expects exaggeration. Not long ago an anti-Garveyite statistician reviewed the Provisional President's figures in the light of his finances and concluded that, at most, his followers numbered 90,000.

PRIDE IN RACE

IT would be a mistake to conclude that Garveyism is the product purely of the bravado which expresses itself in Garvey's uniforms and in the gorgeous feathers that adorn his hat as he rides in glory, or of the equally gorgeous pretentiousness of his programme. Whatever success Garveyism has had has been made possible because there is in it an appeal to a sound and wholesome quality, though the appeal is perverted and the quality exaggerated. Garvey's whole appeal is addressed to the instinct of self-reliance. With all its bombast and absurdity and mad quixotism, it is an appeal to race pride. The injury that it has done to the more credulous among the Negroes and the mental torment that it has inflicted upon the saner element among the Negroes cannot be ascribed to the fact that it has been an appeal to race pride, but that it has been an appeal to false pride of race. Booker Washington also appealed to race pride, but it was the pride that set men, not to chasing rainbows, but to self-respecting work and to service of the commonwealth.

It is perhaps significant that Garvey, who proclaims himself the Provisional President of the Republic of Africa, is not an American but a West Indian, and that the notion of "Africa for the Africans" was not even originally his own, but was borrowed in London from Dusi Mohammed Ali, half Negro and half Egyptian. This sort of thing is not likely to have any permanent influence on Americans, white or black.

While Garveyism is running its spectacular and tragic course, the steady progress of the Negro in America is following the lines marked out by Booker Washington, one of the great Americans of his time, whose pride in his race existed side by side with a humility that was one of the elements of his greatness.

SECRETARY HUGHES ON THE NEWBERRY CASE

THE occasion for the vigorous letter recently written by Secretary Hughes in which he declares that Senator Newberry was wrongly and most unjustly convicted was an inquiry from a single correspondent; but the timeliness and value of the letter lie in the fact that the charges against Senator Newberry, which have been thrown out by the highest court in the country and by the action of the Senate itself, are being used in the political campaign in Michigan against the candidacy for renomination by the Republican primary of Senator Townsend, who has ably supported and defended his colleague, Senator Newberry.

It is true, as Mr. Hughes intimates, that there still remains some misunderstanding as to the nature of the charges against Senator Newberry and the result of the thorough investigation by the Senate. Mr. Hughes sums up by saying, in his usual vigorous and clear manner: "The conviction of Senator Newberry was obtained under a statute held by the majority of the Supreme Court to be invalid. It rested upon a ground which did not involve any finding by the jury of moral turpitude, and was effected only by a most serious misconstruction of the statute which exposed him to conviction regardless of any moral offense upon his part and no matter how high-minded he might have been in his conduct in the campaign."

When the facts of the case showed that no legal offense had been committed and that the so-called conviction was really no conviction because it was for a supposed offense not forbidden by law, opponents of Senator Newberry shifted their ground and tried to arouse prejudice and public feeling against Senator Newberry by asserting that the amount of money spent by his friends to secure his renomination was excessive and scandalous. Secretary Hughes points out that it was practically impossible for any candidate to avoid violating the statute if it were construed as the prosecution claimed it should be, for on that basis it would forbid the expenditure by a candidate in a primary of more than

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$3,750—a ridiculous sum when one considers that the very purpose of a primary is to allow the party voters to become informed as to the merits of the different candidates and that this must be done very largely through printed matter and addresses. It has been said that the campaign of Mr. Pinchot for the primary nomination as Governor in Pennsylvania cost over $125,000, yet every one knows that the campaign was not one of mercenary influence but of public information and of getting the facts and arguments before the voters. In this Michigan campaign, moreover, Senator Newberry's opponent, Mr. Ford, spent enormous sums in what was in effect political publicity, although it was in the guise of commercial advertising.

Senator Newberry was convicted under a law which was not a law as the case proved, and not for any alleged act of corruption, but only on the charge of expending more money than the statute allowed. We repeat what we pointed out when the case was first under discussion, that "to set an arbitrary limit for the expenditure of money for elections is to create a crime where no moral wrong is necessarily involved, and it was a relief to many reasonable students of public affairs to find that this law was based on an arbitrary distinction proved on another ground to be unconstitutional."

PRESIDENT HARDING ON THE LABOR CRISIS: COAL

THERE has been some disposition to criticise President Harding's address to Congress relating to the present crisis in the railway and coal strikes. It is said that he is trying to shift the burden of responsibility from his own shoulders to Congress without definitely telling Congress how to deal with the actual existing crisis; but it is easier to criticise the President for not doing something or proposing something than to describe just what he should do or propose. Immediate and effective action would probably lie in the direction of taking over the mines and the railways, or of enforcing compulsory arbitration, and either course would encounter formidable opposition. When, however, the President declares, as he does in his Message, that the people of the United States are at the mercy of the United Mine Workers, and neither exercises the powers he now has nor asks for new powers to assert the authority of all the people over that part of the people that has them at its mercy, it is not strange that there should be disappointment at the apparent lack of leadership.

The President does make four definite requests from Congress, but none of these requests applies directly to immediate settlement of the strikes. The request which has met with the most opposition in Congress and seems least likely to be carried out (namely, the proposal for the establishment of a Governmental coal agency which should have power to buy, sell, and distribute all coal that is subject to inter-State shipment) aims to guard the public interest and to prevent profiteering, suffering, and loss if the strikes continue or after they end if the shortage of coal is still a public menace. It does relate to the present crisis, but it does not provide a way for settling the difficulty.

The request for a law which would establish a National coal commission to investigate the coal industry—mining, carrying, distributing, selling, and profits—is admirable, and seems to meet with acceptance in Congress as well as with the public. It would take up and report to Congress such questions as the best way to deal with the over-production and over-mining of the soft-coal mines, with the desire of miners generally for a working year of, say, not less than 280 days, problems of storage and seasons, and how to deal in future with disagreements as to wages and contracts. But this proposal suggests a remedy not for this but for future crises.

PRESIDENT HARDING ON THE LABOR CRISIS: RAILWAYS

ON the railway situation the President's chief recommendation is to do what is popularly called "putting teeth" into the law behind the Railroad Labor Board. The President points out that the Board as it stands now cannot impose penalties nor enforce its decisions, nor require compulsory arbitration. He holds that its decisions must be made enforceable and effective against employers and workers equally. He does not answer the question which every one at once asks, namely, How does he propose that the Board should enforce such powers? Probably he would answer that the case would be analogous to that of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, which has very definite powers; that the orders of the Court could be enforced against the railways precisely as those of the Inter-State Commerce Commission are enforced; and that, as to compelling the workmen to obey the mandates of the Board, the recent decision of the Supreme Court, which would render the unions liable financially through their treasuries, will be of great assistance.

The last specific recommendation of the President does not at first sight seem to bear on the labor question; but it most emphatically does so, for it purposes to allow the Federal Court jurisdiction in criminal cases within States where violence is done to aliens. The immediate occasion for this is of course the Herrin massacre and the lawless acts of railway employees in holding passengers under uncomfortable and even dangerous conditions on deserted trains. The practical argument for such a measure has often been put before the country, but Congress has never acted. It is certainly an embarrassing situation when such an incident occurs as that which happened years ago in New Orleans, where Italian citizens were lynched; their home Government naturally applied to the United States Government for redress, and our Government was obliged to reply that it had no power either to prevent such a lynching in advance or to punish the criminals. A number of such instances might be quoted, and it seems certain that our dual form of government acts unjustly in this matter. The President did not hesitate to speak of "the mockery of local inquiry and the failure of justice in Illinois," and urged that in the future the Federal Government should have power to "punish barbarity and butchery at Herrin or elsewhere, no matter in whose name or for what purpose the insufferable outrage is committed."

There were energy and purpose in President Harding's pledge in this address to use all the power of the Government to maintain transportation and sustain the right of men to work. He did not hesitate to point out abuses of labor organizations and unfairness of organizations of employers.

THE LABOR CRISIS AS IT IS

BUT meanwhile, up to August 22, there has been no positive advance in the settlement of the railway and coal quarrels.

Under the Cleveland agreement, certain soft-coal operators have pledged themselves to open their mines and some mining of soft coal has been done. The hard-coal strike remains unsettled; day after day we hear of new conferences, but only of hopes of settlement; one such conference is going on as we write, and may have positive results before this is read; one chief difficulty is the insistence by the miners that agreements now and in the future must be reached by conferences, and not through arbitration.

The seniority question, which we have already discussed at some length, remains the difficult point in the railway trouble; the Eastern roads are uncompromising on this point; the Western roads show some disposition to compromise.

THE HERRIN MASSACRE

THE feeling of horror and the demand for action and for the legal punishment for those who perpetrated the slaughter at Herrin grows rather than diminishes as time goes on. One corre-

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GIVE ME SOME HELP HERE, HO!

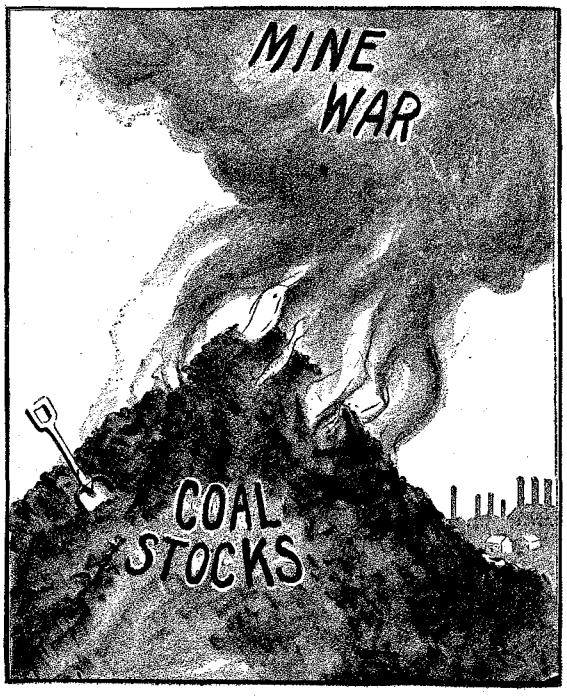
(All's Well That Ends Well, Act II, Scene 1)

Enright in the New York World

CARRYING IT HOME

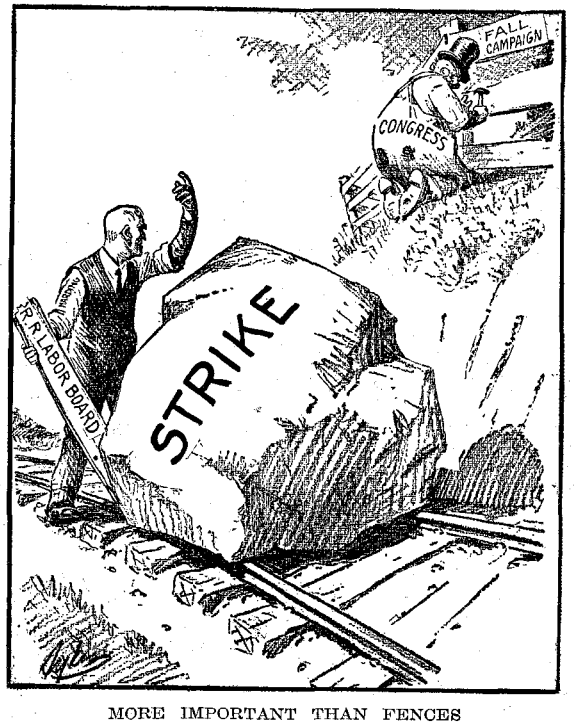
From J. B. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



WASTE

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger



MORE IMPORTANT THAN FENCES

From Frederick Eissler, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch

THE INVALID

From Paul H. Ramsey, Columbus, Ohio

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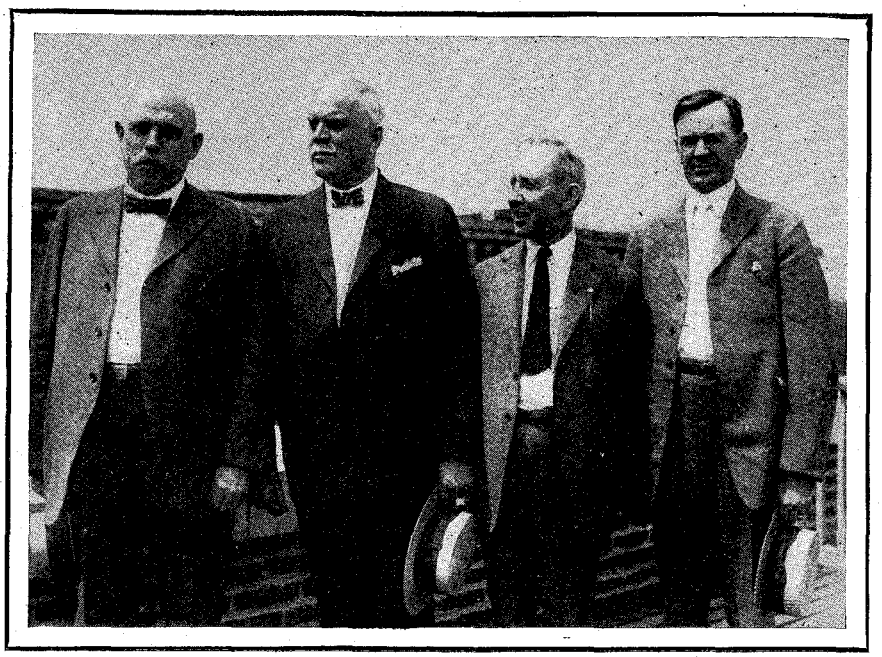


International

CHIEFS OF THE "BIG FOUR" AT WASHINGTON

Left to right: L. E. Sheppard, head of the Order of Railroad Conductors; W. S. Stone, President of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers; D. B. Robertson, head of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen; W. N. Doak, head of the Order of Railroad Trainmen

spondent of a New York paper asks why no adequate measures have been taken and intimates that it is because the local officials have been intimidated by the "Red element." It is true that the local authorities have shown little disposition to deal with the matter bravely and thoroughly. We are glad to note now that a special Grand Jury is to be impaneled to consider the case.

Other indications show that Illinois outside of Herrin is seriously disturbed and active in the matter. One despatch from Chicago states that a private fund of from $25,000 to $100,000 is to be raised to enable the Attorney-General to extend his investigations and press prosecution. The Illinois Chamber of Commerce is vigorously pushing this plan, and its president has received a letter from President Harding in which he expresses his gratification of this evidence that there is "a conscience in Illinois which will not tolerate such a disgraceful thing."

Under the present limitations of law and Constitution the Federal Government has no power to move, the sole authority lying with the State authorities because the crime was committed within its limits. We have referred elsewhere to President Harding's request to Congress to remedy this state of things.

ARE THE RAILWAYS SAFE?

RAILWAY employees engaged directly in the transportation of passengers and freight claim that cars and locomotives during the period of the shopmen's strike have fallen into such a state of neglect and disrepair as to render many of them unfit for use and, in some instances, unsafe for operation.

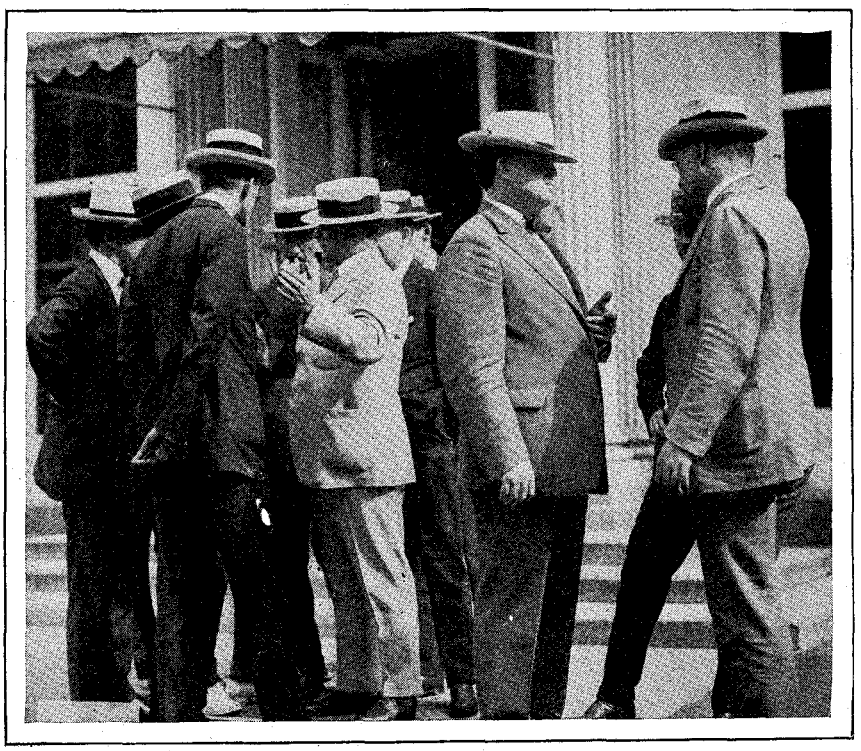
On the basis of this and other professed fears, transportation employees here and there have temporarily abandoned their duties. An extreme instance was the abandonment of transcontinental passenger trains on the Pacific coast, to which we referred last week. Deserted by the crews, the passengers, including the aged and infirm, were left for several days and nights to the mercies of the desert in midsummer.

In a letter to the President the Chairman of the Inter-State Commerce Commission pointed out that the Commission is charged with the enforcement of laws governing the safety of rolling stock; and the President, in a reply which received general commendation, urged that there be no modification of vigilance in enforcing these safeguards thrown around the traveling public.

The man or woman who takes passage on a train is entitled to every assurance of safety that human ingenuity can devise. It is as much the railways' duty to safeguard passengers as it is to carry them to their destination. A carrier is required by law to keep its equipment in safe and workable condition at all times. This prime requirement of every-day operation is enhanced during periods of industrial upheaval. Safeguards should be increased, not diminished.

The present condition of rolling stock, whatever it may be, is not wholly the result of the strike of the Federated Shop Crafts, which began on July 1. What were the railways doing to bring their equipment to required standards of safety prior to the shopmen's strike? Have cars and locomotives one hundred per cent safe on June 30 deteriorated so rapidly as to become unfit for use two months later?

On the whole, we think not. Some of the claims of the employees may be justified, but, all in all, their recent sound-



(C) Harris & Ewing

AN INFORMAL CONFERENCE ON THE COAL STRIKE

John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers, is shown at the right talking to two newspaper men; James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, is at the left, with hand extended, engaged in earnest conversation with a larger group of newspaper reporters

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ing of alarms savors somewhat of propaganda. It would be but natural for the strikers to court public support in this manner in their desire to end the strike. It seems, however, to have been overdone. The railways still load almost capacity freight, except for coal.

But where in the scale of requirements did rolling stock stand when the shopmen's strike was called?

All told, there are 2,258,000 cars in the ownership of Class I railways. Of that total more than fifteen per cent, or upwards of 342,000, were in bad order July 15. The figure is about the same as that of July 1. These railways operate 64,000 locomotives. More than 15,000 were in bad order July 15. One locomotive out of every five owned by the chief carriers of the country was laid up for heavy repairs. One out of every twenty was laid up for light repairs. The figures are those of the railways themselves.

That was the situation June 30, in substance, for two weeks made little change in the numbers. It has been the average situation for two years past, the carriers' reports reveal. The situation was worst in July, 1921, and had been growing progressively better till the strike was called. The railways were not wholly to blame for this sad state of affairs. They have not even yet fully emerged from the demoralization of Federal control. The business depression also depressed equipment repairing. But with the coming of the business revival the railways had started to put their house in order—a task interrupted by the strike.

The interruption should be but a temporary one. The figures are far higher than they should be. When working conditions become normal again, as they surely will, it should be the carriers' first duty to take their broken equipment out of the shop and put it, in safe running order, on the rails.

A BAD TURK

ENVER PASHA was the last to die a violent death of the triumvirate that misruled Turkey, and that ordered or allowed the slaughter and starvation of hundreds of thousands of Armenians and affronted the sentiment of the world. Talaat, who brutally defended the massacres, was assassinated by an Armenian; Djemal was slain a few weeks ago; now Enver has been killed in Bokhara by the Bolsheviki, whom he first supported and then betrayed. He was the strongest of the trio intellectually, but his violent temper and his insatiable personal ambition pushed him always into situations where revenge and hostility encompassed him.

Enver had the evil pre-eminence of being the man who forced Turkey into the arms of Germany. He even made a secret alliance with Germany months before his purpose was known in his own country and took measures hostile to the Allies while Turkey was nominally neutral. His military activities (apart from the defense of the Dardanelles, which was largely planned and carried out by German experts) were vacillating and ineffective. Since the war he had been a wanderer and a schemer; he plotted to become monarch of the Kurds, nominally aided the Soviets in the Caucasus region, and finally took arms against them.

There was a time when Europe thought it saw in Enver Pasha the leader of a rejuvenated and reformed Turkey. But the Young Turks' régime was as oppressive and as far removed from ideas of self-government as the Sultanate it overthrew. It ruled by force and ignored what laws were supposed to exist. After the close of the war, Enver was outlawed at Constantinople, was declared the author and instigator of many crimes, and condemned to death, if caught.

Enver's career was devoid of patriotism; principles he had none. He fought for his own hand, and died the death of a turbulent disturber of the peace.

Ewing Galloway

SIGNING THE AGREEMENT THAT HAS VIRTUALLY ENDED THE STRIKE IN A PART OF THE BITUMINOUS COAL FIELD

T. K. Maher, Chairman of the Inter-State Scale Conference, representing the operators, is at the left; John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers, at the right

"THE MOTHER OF CONTINENTS"

AN article in "Asia" by the distinguished scientist Dr. Henry F. Osborn, who is at the head of the American Museum of Natural History, has as its title "The Mother of Continents." It relates to recent discoveries by an expedition under the leadership of Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews for the Museum in Mongolia. There in distant and barren tracts have been found large deposits of prehistoric remains.

The interest and importance of this find is not in the fossilized remains themselves, but in the deduction drawn from the quarter of the globe where they have been uncovered. One of the great problems of science has been that of the course and movement of mammalian life over the globe. The two great beds of prehistoric deposits heretofore known are widely separated—one in Europe, the other in our Rocky Mountains. Now Dr. Osborn has long argued *a priori* that the progress of the extinct, big mammalian life could not have been from one of these regions to the other, for if so there would be evidence of a spread of that life from the Rockies east and from Europe west. The only other logical alternative would be that the original region of full development before dispersal must have existed at some point on the other side of the globe, west of the Rocky Mountain center and east of that in Europe. That would be somewhere in Asia. It was partly to seek such a center that this expedition was sent out.

The discovery lately made precisely answers the requirement of Dr. Osborn's hypothesis, and verifies the theory that from Mongolia the emigration of the great mammals started east and west, reached the centers already known, and thereabouts died out by dispersal. Dr. Osborn comments:

> This discovery gives the answer to one of the four great questions which the expedition sought to solve: namely, whether ancient Asia is the mother of the life of Europe to the far west, of North America to the

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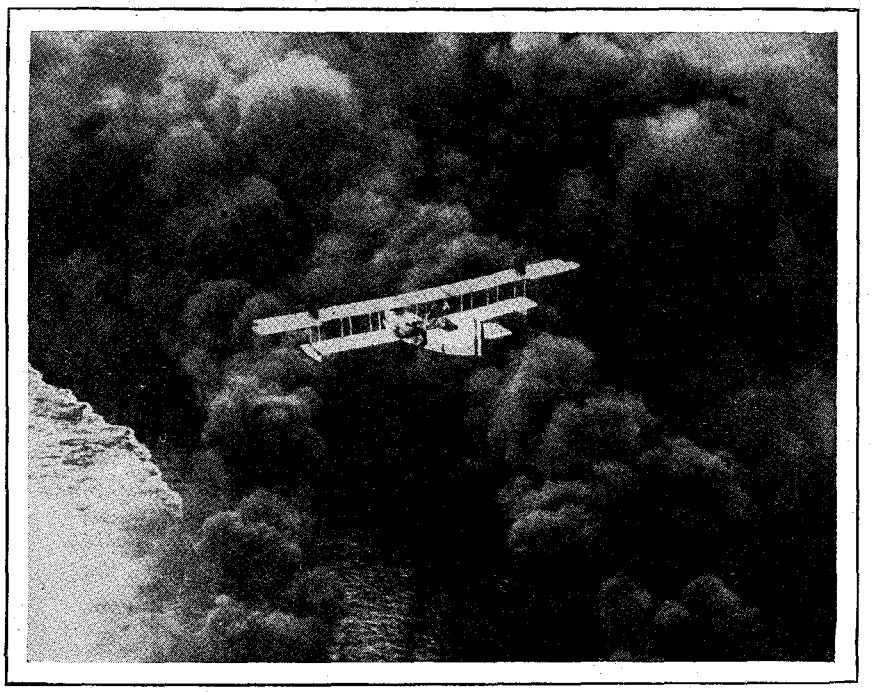

International

NAVY SEAPLANE HANGING LOW OVER A HEAVY SMOKE SCREEN THROWN OUT BY A DESTROYER FLEET

This picture, taken near San Diego, California, shows the plane veering to the left to dodge the black clouds. The plane is co-operating with the battle fleet, being employed to direct its actions behind the smoke screen

far east. It is a kind of realization of a palæontologic Garden of Eden—of the birthplace, or Asiatic homeland, from which many kinds of reptiles and mammals spread westward and eastward.

The value of the discoveries may be of basic importance in the large aspects of evolution, and it is hoped that further work may bring out similar evidence regarding the early history of the "primates" from which man is held to have evolved.

The story as told by Dr. Osborn in the current issue of "Asia" is a fascinating episode in the always enlarging chapter of scientific research.

THE AIRPLANE AND THE BATTLESHIP

THE recent bombing by airplanes of the British pre-war dreadnought Agamemnon confirms the conclusion of the demonstration off our Virginia capes a year ago. But those are totally wrong who suppose the conclusion to be that the day of the battleship is over. On the contrary, the navy has gained a new and potent weapon. Hereafter warships will carry fighting airplanes and bombing airplanes, and a major engagement at sea will have its attendant or precedent battle of the air.

Those who have read the articles in The Outlook by Lieutenant Clifford A. Tinker, of the United States Bureau of Aeronautics, have learned what advances have been made in the planning of small fighting planes, in the devices for launching them from vessels, in "landing" them safely at sea, and in building aircraft carriers. They have learned also how the Germans, debarred from building large commercial planes lest they be turned into bombers, have built small, low-powered, short-range planes and are now making fast little monoplanes that, in Lieutenant Tinker's judgment, form a menace to the peace of Europe. All signs point to new and different developments in future wars of the air, but the new weapon will be an adjunct of navies, not their supplanter.

The attack on the Agamemnon was a startling demonstration, for if the "bombs" dropped upon it had been war bombs instead of "duds" the vessel would have been destroyed a dozen times over. Some four hundred of these dummy bombs fell on and around the war-vessel with a degree of accuracy that showed the efficiency of recent sighting devices. The Agamemnon was controlled and maneuvered by wireless and was moving at fifteen knots an hour. Many of the bombs were dropped from a height of 8,000 feet, at which height an airplane is practically immune from anti-aircraft firing. Not only were 400 bombs dropped on or close to the Agamemnon, but some of the fast planes flew so low as to sweep the decks with machine-gun fire. One result of the demonstration was that the British Government at once announced its agreement with the Air Minister's plan of providing a new air force of 500 planes for home defense, at a cost of about ten million dollars a year.

There is evidently a use for airplanes apart from the navy, but there is most emphatically also a use for airplanes working and fighting in conjunction with the navy.

THE SUPREMACY OF THE GERMAN GLIDERS

Two weeks ago Lieutenant Tinker, in the most recent of his Outlook articles, gave what is probably the first authentic statement of the achievements of the Germans in the art of using gliders. By experimentation the Germans, as he pointed out, have "built new and stable gliders, and with them have accomplished soaring and gliding flights which equal, and in some respects excel, the performance of huge birds."

Since that article appeared the Germans have made astounding advances in this new art. The record made some months ago by Harth of a gliding flight of twenty-one and a half minutes has been totally eclipsed by a flight made by a young student named Hentzen which lasted for ten seconds over two hours. More than that, extraordinarily accurate landings were made in a contest in which a point was designated near which the competitors sought to land. The victor in this contest of "goal flying" succeeded in landing within thirteen feet of the goal.

Lieutenant Tinker said that the earlier efforts in gliding were regarded by the Allied officers as a mere schoolboy craze, but later became a matter of concern and even alarm. Now it is reported that the French see in these German accomplishments a serious threat to their own air supremacy.

It is said that these records made in Germany did not depend upon a very high wind. In fact, during the competition the wind varied from twelve to eighteen miles an hour, and some of the gliders kept in the air in a breeze of less than nine miles an hour.

Simultaneously there have been gliding flights in France. The best French record up to August 21 is an endurance flight of five minutes. This record was made by a Frenchman, who succeeded in making also the best record in the total time aloft, which amounted in all his attempts to a sum of fifty minutes. These French records seem absurd in comparison with a German flight of two hours.

It is said in explanation that the German trials were under much more favorable conditions and at a much more favorable locality. Wasserkuppe, in the Rhone Mountains, is declared by Edmund Allen, the American participant in the French contests, a student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to be three times as high as Combegrasse, where the French contests were held, and better for its rising currents of air. The contests were to continue in

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both France and Germany. The later French contests were to be made at a higher point.

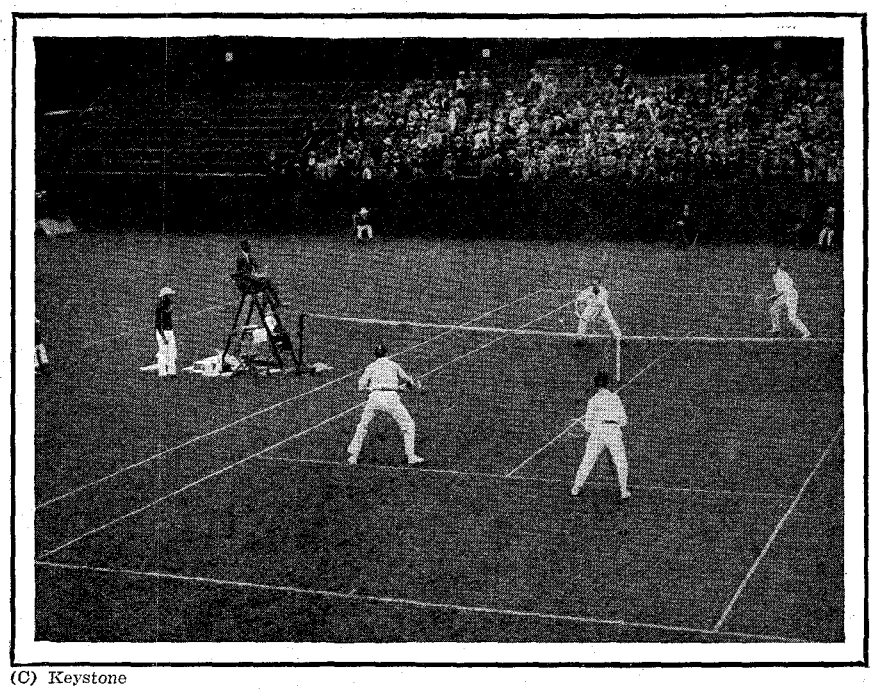
INTERNATIONAL TENNIS

VERY few ambassadors accomplish more for wholesome and friendly international relations than sportsmanlike contestants in international games. The very idea of sportsmanship has served as a test by which to distinguish between the conduct of civilized and barbarous people in even the grim contest of war; for experience proves that advantage rests with soldiers who know how "to play the game." Much more in times of peace is the attitude of good sportsmanship a test of amicable relationship between one people and another. Nothing in recent years has done more to prove that East and West can meet than the encounters between American players and the two members of the Japanese Davis Cup team, Ichiya Kumagae and Zenzo Shimidzu, who became affectionately known as Ichy and Shimmy and whose whole career reflected honor on Japan and created good feeling in America.

American relations with France and Spain are undoubtedly to be appreciably affected for good by the coming to this country of the French and Spanish Davis Cup teams.

France has already established her place in tennis by the skill and power of her representatives in other years, and in particular by the supremacy of Mlle. Lenglen over all other women players of the world. This year, however, the French players have made an especially strong impression. The French team entered for the international matches of which the Davis Cup is the trophy was defeated by the Australian team, but the names of Gobert, Cochet, and Borotra will be remembered in tennis annals.

What perhaps was the sensation of the Davis Cup contests this year was the playing of the Spaniards. It is said that no player in the world is quicker on the ball than Manuel Alonso. He showed himself one of the masters of the game in his defeat of the Australian Pat O'Hara Wood. The Spaniards and Australians broke even on the first day of the singles matches, but the Spaniards lost the doubles match on the second day, and then, after a spirited contest, lost the two remaining matches in singles. The three Spanish players—Señores Manuel and José Alonso and Count Manuel de Gomar—have reinforced the French players in dispelling a good many illusions about the Latin temperament. The so-called Anglo-Saxons of the English-speaking peoples—and we count in that category those who are Celts as well—have done a great deal to establish standards of amateur sportsmanship; but these French and Spaniards and other players that no one would dream of calling Anglo-Saxon are helping to make standards of good sport (which, after all, are only standards of fine conduct in all competition) a universal rule.



(C) Keystone

AUSTRALIANS DEFEATING THE FRENCH IN THE DAVIS CUP DOUBLES

The French players, André Gobert and Henri Cochet, are in the foreground; the Australian players, Gerald Patterson and Pat O'Hara Wood, are on the further side of the net

THE CONFLICT OF INTERESTS

IN a fight for principles even defeat brings with it some measure of satisfaction. There is an element of joy in being a soldier in the noble army of martyrs. To fight, however, for something that is not a matter of principle and then to be beaten is to taste bitterness. That is why American politicians are so uneasy in any tariff campaign. They know very well that there are no political principles involved. They have no righteous cause by appeal to which they may seek to rouse the people to action. They have no political ideal for the sake of which they might ask their party to risk success. The only justification for a course in respect to the tariff is the honest opinion that that will lead to a result approaching practicable justice and a fair distribution of benefits.

It would be very much simpler for the politicians and much less confusing to the voter if the two major parties of the country were divided on the tariff according to some fundamental policies. As we pointed out last week, however, neither party has ever undertaken to carry out a tariff policy based on a simple and basic political theory. If one party had said that it would direct its course toward making of the tariff a Chinese wall and the other party had directed its efforts to the abolition of all tariff duties, there would have been alternatives presented to the voters which they could have understood and on which they could have made their choice.

Instead of dividing on the matter of principle or theory, the two parties have been in practical agreement in upholding the general policy of a tariff of adjustment or regulation with a view to both revenue and protection.

This policy, which is not a party policy but a National policy, has not been agreed upon because it is simple. On the contrary, it bristles with difficulties. Just because it is a policy of adjustment it cannot ever place the tariff in the category of settled questions. Congress has often been denounced for its proclivity to "tariff tinkering." It ought not to be blamed for this. If it is going to do the will of the people of America, who have evidently committed themselves to a policy of adjustment, it must provide for tariff tinkering of some kind. If Congress were allowed to build up a Chinese wall, it could probably build it high enough and strong enough to last for many years without repairs or additions. Or if it were allowed to do away with the tariff altogether, it would not need to be bothered with questions of specific rates on this and ad valorem rates on that, but could relegate the tariff to the limbo of forgotten issues. So long, however, as the people want neither exclusion of imports nor free trade, Congress must keep continually changing the tariff gears in order to ac-

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commodate the power of the commercial engine to the constantly changing economic grade.

Since, then, there have to be frequent changes in tariff schedules, the various interests affected become at once parties to the tariff controversy.

These interests are chiefly of two kinds.

In the first place, there are the interests of one locality or section of the country conflicting with the interests of another.

In the second place, there are the interests of the producer as contrasted with the interests of the consumer.

As a consequence every tariff bill as soon as it is introduced into Congress becomes the target of criticism from every angle. It is bound to cause dissatisfaction, in varying degrees, among all the interests involved. The wool grower wants the tariff rate on foreign raw wool high; the wool importer wants it low. The sugar refiner wants a tariff rate that will give him a wide market in which to choose the cheapest raw material; the sugar grower, on the other hand, wants to limit the refiner's market in order to avoid the danger of finding his foreign competitor's product offered for a price that does not meet his own cost of production. Every interest is tempted to believe in a Chinese wall tariff for its own product and free trade in the products that it needs to buy. Thus it comes about that under the American policy, which is neither distinctively Republican nor distinctively Democratic, the tariff, as Hancock once said, is a local issue. The task of Congress, whether it is Republican or Democratic, is the disagreeable one of finding some series of compromises which will be productive of the fewest political enmities. In the enactment of every tariff law the members of Congress are sure to cause dissatisfaction to practically every interest. We do not recall a tariff measure that has won hearty praise from anybody except its own sponsors. Such a result of dissatisfaction is inevitable in any attempt to reach a compromise between conflicting demands.

If the task of reconciling these local interests is difficult, the task of reconciling the difference between the interests of the consumer and those of the producer is impossible.

Practically everybody in the country is both producer and consumer. It would seem, then, that it would be easy to lead an individual citizen to see that he would have to strike a balance between his own conflicting interests. It would be easier if each citizen were a producer of one thing and a consumer of another, or a producer of everything and a consumer of everything. What creates the difficulty is the fact that each is directly a producer of only one or two things while a consumer of virtually everything.

The natural consequence of this fact is that the interests of producers are divided, while the interests of the consumers are to a very large degree united. On another page we print in a group of cartoons one representing the citizen as heavily loaded with the burdens of various duties—on clothes, on shoes, on cotton goods, on utensils, on sugar, on food. This is the sort of cartoon that appeals to everybody because everybody is a consumer. If, however, it pictured the producer of shoes, either capitalist or wage-earner, as using the power of the tariff on foreign-made shoes as an automobile to help him carry his packages, the cartoon would have a very limited appeal because it would appeal only to the shoe producers. And even that cartoon would have to show, in fairness, a gasoline tank labeled "Free Hides." Thus it happens that, while the demand upon each Congressman is for the protection of the commodities produced among his own constituents, the attack on Congress as a whole for protecting those industries in the aggregate is nearly overwhelming.

Congress is thus faced with a dilemma. If it refuses to touch the tariff, it is charged with being unresponsive to the demand for adjustment of the rates to changing conditions, while if it begins to touch the tariff it is threatened with all sorts of punishment.

In a future editorial we shall consider some of the conditions which make this dilemma peculiarly perplexing at this time and the efforts which Congress has made to escape from it.

THE ALMIGHTY SOLVENT

THAT was a delightful essay in last week's Outlook on certain characteristics of the black American by Archibald Rutledge—a South Carolinian who knows his English poets, his classical philosophers, and also the red fox, the wary otter, the bull alligator, the droves of wild turkeys, the flocks of wild ducks of the Southern uplands, swamps, and seacoast. He knows the old-time Negroes of the South, too, and has drawn the portraits of three—Sam, Peter, and London—that make the reader wonder whether there might not be a rising tide of color, which Lothrop Stoddard does not take into account in his lugubrious prophecies, that would be a blessing instead of a curse to humanity.

It is not, however, the poetry, the outdoor flavor, or the skillful character drawing in this essay of which we wish to speak—although it might be said in passing that Archibald Rutledge is uncovering a new vein of fine literary art in the South. It is not because his paper is redolent of pine and cypress and musical with the call of game birds and the beat of hoof and patter of paw; not because it combines so pleasantly the virility of the woodsman with the shyness of Nature in her poetic moods; not because it is comparable to the best work of Richard Jefferies or W. H. Hudson or William Beebe or John Burroughs, that we comment upon the essay here. It is because it ends in a shocking paragraph of morals—shocking, we mean, in the simple sense that, wholly unexpected in such a context, it arrests attention. The paragraph reads:

> In these days we hear much of this problem and of that; of the industrial problem, of that of immigration, of that of the Negro. But I take it that there is no problem, local or National, which does not resolve itself into a human problem, and therefore an individual problem. "Love thy neighbor as thyself" is a mystically profound and all-powerful command. The so-called trouble between the Negro and the white race is identical with the trouble between any two individuals of any race or age who do not understand each other and do not wish each other well. The hearts of all of us are infallibly human; and by the truth of such a statement all of us are indicted; for, since we are human, we are liable sometimes to be intolerant, selfish, unappreciative of another's position, needs, hopes, fears, desires. The Golden Rule is the almighty solvent for all human ills of the character in question; one touch of its wand, and the shadows of ages flee away.

How simple it all sounds, and yet in how heartbreaking a fashion we all neglect the Rule by which most of our social and political problems might be solved! The encouraging thing is that, while creeds and rituals, while archiepiscopal letters and Papal bulls pass away, the Rule, in spite of the cant and hypocrisy with which it is often enmeshed, still persists in impressing mankind with its reality. Even the literary revolutionists, who are determined to cast aside all man-made schemes of morality and portray life as they think it really is, come back to the Rule as a standard and measure of human beauty. Theodore Dreiser can hardly be called a sanctimonious preacher of puritanical morals, and yet from the point of view of literary art he has never done anything better than his studies of the effect of obedience and disobedience to the Rule upon the lives of three of his "Twelve Men"—a country doctor, a country storekeeper, and a country workman.

In "If Winter Comes" and "The Clean

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Heart," the best two of A. S. M. Hutchinson's deservedly popular novels, the author actually, although we hasten to acquit him of any ulterior or cunning moral design, sets forth the supreme happiness that practice of the Rule brings into life. More than that, he discloses one of its often hidden but most golden qualities—it does not require self-sacrifice, but only that one shall not sacrifice others to one's own selfishness.

Archibald Rutledge is right in calling the Rule the almighty solvent.

THE HAPPY DE MORGANS

THERE is no more delightful and entertaining reading than biography, provided that it has certain requisites: the lives described must be worth while; the material available must be warm with the glow of human nature, not mere arid records; the author must have ability to put before his reader traits and personality with ample use of incident, anecdote, and humor. It is because the recently published volume entitled "William De Morgan and His Wife"[1] has just these qualities that it is a welcome and enjoyable addition to literature. The book is made beautiful by fine reproductions of over twenty photographs of exquisite specimens of Mr. De Morgan's pottery and Mrs. De Morgan's paintings, so that it gives pleasure to the eye as well as to the mind. The author is Mrs. De Morgan's sister; she is an experienced biographer; her intimate knowledge of those about whom she writes, joined to sound literary judgment, made her the one person admirably equipped for this particular task.

Rightly this is quite as much the Life of Evelyn De Morgan as of her husband. It was one life; they were closely associated in art, in his literary success (which was due to the impulse he received from his wife), and in their friendships with Burne-Jones, Rossetti, Morris, and others. No two lives that had to do with imaginative work were ever so tied together unless those of the Brownings. Sir William Richmond, their old friend, who writes the book's preface, says:

> It is seldom that a marriage is absolutely successful, where the road of life taken is so similar, where the temperaments are completely in accord, and where no commonplace rubs against life's sharp and tiresome edges ever occur. Evelyn and William De Morgan were absolutely *one:* one in sympathy, in intelligence and its direction, one in tastes, and in perfect companionship. They teased and chaffed one another as schoolboys do, they were amused at each other's idiosyncrasies, and I verily believe amused also at their mental similarity. He believed in her Art and she in his. They were both artistic in the highest sense, and where the business capacity came in is a puzzle to every one.

The story of the way in which De Morgan came to write "Joseph Vance" has often been told, but never so vividly as in this book:

> Some time before, in 1901, during a spare hour, he had written two chapters of a novel, "just to see what I could do," he explained subsequently; "I always loved grubby little boys, and I thought I should like to write the story of a grubby little boy. I began and got interested in him. But when I read over what I had written, I was so little impressed with the result that I nearly burnt it; in any case I put it away in a drawer and forgot all about it. Later in the year, when we were going out to Florence, it accidentally came with us among a great mass of business papers." Turning out these papers some time afterwards, he tossed the despised manuscript with a heap of rubbish into the waste-paper basket, where by chance his wife saw it, and glanced casually at it before consigning it to the flames. The story, with its graphic, sordid realism, at once gripped her attention; she set it carefully aside and awaited her opportunity.
>
> Shortly afterwards De Morgan was ill in bed, suffering ostensibly from influenza, but principally from the unwonted idleness which filled him with depression and sapped his vitality. Evelyn took the piece of manuscript to him and laid it by his bedside, with a pencil temptingly adjacent. "I think something might be made of this," she said briefly. When she looked in softly half an hour later, he had started on the occupation which he was never again to abandon, and was writing rapidly.

What is not so well known, however, is that De Morgan, having once started in his novel writing, kept on with tremendous energy regardless of success or failure. Publishers not unnaturally hesitated a little at the length of "Joseph Vance," and before it had actually seen the light "Alice-for-Short" and "Somehow Good" were finished.

De Morgan failed as a commercial potter, but he did not fail as an artist in ceramics. One art critic, for instance, has said since De Morgan's death that the things by De Morgan that were shown in 1914 at the British exhibition in the Pavillon de Marsan "glowed there among the dim splendors of pre-Raphaelite survivals, evidence of a complete union of art and craft such as rarely is found in modern times." So that has come true which De Morgan himself playfully said after his factory failed: "All my life I have been trying to make beautiful things, and now that I can make them nobody wants them. Only my own extinction can make them valuable."

What made De Morgan's novels—all written, remember, after he was sixty-five years old—was exactly that which one finds everywhere pervading his letters. They have humor, playfulness, sympathy, and admiration for what is high-minded and honorable, a philosophy that is optimistic and cheerful, together with the born story-teller's sense of plot and character. He liked "Joseph Vance" best himself, probably because its humor was liveliest; many of his admirers would put "It Never Can Happen Again" or "Somehow Good" first for choice. He wrote nine novels, two not quite finished when he died, and at least five of these were richly and abundantly good. And this from a man who had spent his energy up to his sixty-sixth year in producing pottery and tiles! His wife's painting—modest as she was about it—received more praise than his ceramics. Mrs. Stirling tells us that "her husband, as success came to him, facetiously remarked the *volte-face* in their respective positions: 'Formerly it used to be Mrs. De Morgan and her husband, now it is Mr. De Morgan and his wife!' Of all which he owed to her, however, he was profoundly aware, and once when some one was talking in enthusiastic terms of his genius, he cut short the panegyric gently by pointing to the 'real Janey:' '*There* is the genius,' he said."

The letters in this book are capital; even the boy De Morgan's illustrated letters are good fun, and one later illustrated letter from him to a boy—reproduced in facsimile—is quite like those that Theodore Roosevelt used to send his children. De Morgan's letters to Burne-Jones and the replies are especially full of humor and have interesting side glimpses at art and literature.

There are lessons in this record of two busy, happy, and loving lives—lessons too obvious to need pointing out. We may suggest them, however, by quoting a deserved tribute paid to William De Morgan by Professor William Lyon Phelps at the close of an appreciative article on Mrs. Stirling's book: "To me he is one of the world's great humorists, who regarded the show of life with that clear-sighted tolerance that only humor and sympathy can give. And no one can read this biography without a sense of gratitude toward the author of it, first, for presenting to us so clearly a remarkable personality, and, second, for the proof that such a personality gives of the possibility of living a cheerful, happy life, provided one lives from day to day, taking happiness as it comes without discontent, and without crying for the moon. For if any man in this imperfect world ever lived happily, that man was William De Morgan."

[1] William De Morgan and His Wife. By A. M. W. Stirling. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $6.

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CHRISTY MATHEWSON

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

THE other day I read in The Outlook the editorial on Christy Mathewson entitled "The Fight of a Clean Sportsman." I have often wondered what gives Mathewson such a continuing hold on the affection and the respect of great numbers of the American people, whether the particular baseball public or others. I had never met him, though I have seen him pitch in other years and have been impressed by the remarkable personal as well as physical self-control which he exhibited, a quality to which The Outlook called attention in its editorial.

Last week I happened to be motoring through the village of Saranac Lake where Mathewson for two or three years has been making his stand against the grim enemy of tubercular disease. The editorial came to my mind, and I thought I would look Mathewson up. I asked the boy behind the soda-water fountain in the village drug-store if he knew where Mathewson was residing. "Sure!" he said. "Ninety Park Avenue." I wended my way up towards the locality, and, not finding the place at once, inquired again of a young miss. She exhibited the same familiarity with the number and pointed out the house. I found Mathewson resting easily in a long porch chair, and in good color, flesh, and spirits.

I had no thought of interviewing him or, indeed, of writing about my visit. It was only a friendly call upon a man who was brought up on the edge of a country village in Pennsylvania near which I spent my own boyhood. I quote from the conversation only those points which I am sure would not be embarrassing to him but which are so illuminating of your editorial that I am sending them to you.

I found, when I left, that I had a peculiar sense of the quiet poise and generosity of spirit of Mathewson. I felt that there was something about it worthy of imitation by all those who look for success similar to his in any field of life. He was associated from 1901, when he first pitched in a professional game, until Labor Day, 1916, when he pitched his last game, with many rough and plain citizens of the Republic who were his comrades in the struggle for the pennant of victory. He would be the last to concede it, but he himself was a thoroughbred in native stock and educational training compared with most of the men with whom he was surrounded. But his estimate of them, I found, was high. He said that they came from the mines and the farms and from many walks in life, but that they soon acquired in their new and trying environment a practical education which developed their personalities and made them very interesting and companionable associates. I said nothing to him about it, but I have often heard elsewhere surprising stories of the influence Mathewson had upon them, of how the coarse or profane badinage of the clubhouse suddenly ceased when Mathewson walked in. There was no awe about it. They just didn't want him to hear it, that was all. It didn't seem appropriate. Incidentally, my recollection is that, while Mathewson never posed as a saint, he thought it was a good thing for the country to keep the dollar mark off Sunday, and so always declined to play professional profit-making baseball on that day.

This democratic instinct for doing the plain right thing grew up with him in the simple country village of Factoryville, Pennsylvania, where he passed his boyhood. The doctors let him go back there last week by automobile to spend his forty-second birthday with his father and mother. The press throughout the United States carried news of the event and of how the countryside turned out to greet him. He told me at Saranac of his boyhood at Factoryville. Baseball was his early passion. He liked it so much better than hoeing potatoes on the little farm near the village. "I remember," he said, "the first game I ever pitched for money. Factoryville didn't have a team of its own, but when I was fourteen years of age a club at a little distance away offered me one dollar to pitch nine innings, and I was to pay my own expenses. I would have been willing to have paid them a dollar, if I could have scraped it together, for the privilege. Nothing seemed so much worth while to me."

I learned where he acquired that terrible accuracy which disconcerted many a batsman in the National World Series in later years. "I regret very much," he went on, "that I developed a deadly aim in my boyhood by throwing stones at birds. I was responsible for slaughtering a good many of them, I am sorry to say."

We fell to discussing the salaries of big players. "They are very much larger now than they were in my day," said Mathewson. "I began at $250 a month for six months' work. Even at the height of the period the best players got only from $7,000 to $10,000 for the season. Now I hear that Babe Ruth gets somewhere near $40,000 a year."

Here was an opening. I said, "Isn't Babe Ruth growing irascible and showing pretty poor self-control?" Instantly the poise and breadth of sympathy of Mathewson showed itself. "Well, I don't know," he replied. "Self-control is a wide word. Sometimes the management doesn't think a player has self-control because he exercises his own judgment at the bat instead of following implicitly the directions of the coach. Ruth is what he is. It is his temperament which makes him so valuable to baseball and so worthy of his salary. The mass of people on the bleachers care most for a man whom they can cheer to-day and jeer to-morrow, and Ruth fits into that picture. He is on the heights when the bleachers rock with applause, and he is correspondingly depressed and irritable sometimes when the great crowd turns on him because he doesn't produce the thrills. It is all in the mercurial temperament. And it is the very thing which gives Ruth great money value Now there is Sisler, of the St. Louis team—he is every bit as valuable a player as Ruth, some people think more valuable. But he has another temperament. When he makes a great hit or a great play and the crowd are ready to idolize him, he modestly touches his cap and fades away out of sight. He doesn't fit into the picture."

Mathewson was surrounded with vases of wild flowers. I spoke of them, and he said: "Oh, yes. The doctor lets me take about twenty minutes' quiet exercise twice a day, and so I have been studying botany and brushing up upon the wild flowers about Saranac, so that I will know their names when I see them again. It is fine to be able to get about a little." This big six-footer, who now weighs again 204 pounds, was down to 150 pounds a year and a half ago when the fever laid hold upon him. If he gains for six months more, or at most a year, the doctors have great hopes of a permanent cure.

I remembered that The Outlook editorial was not quite positive as to whether Mathewson was with the American Expeditionary Forces in France when disease overtook him. I asked him about this, and he said that he was the assistant gas officer of the Twenty-eighth Division, but that his health began to fail only when he had been back in this country several months.

Such a mellow, sane, intelligent, self-controlled personality I have rarely talked with. As I walked away I felt that it had been good to be with him and that the American people knew what they were about in keeping an eye of affection upon this great human athlete in his lonely struggle. It is an astonishing thing that six years after he pitched his last game the solicitude of millions should follow him as eagerly as ever. I read an editorial in the "Evening Bulletin" of Philadelphia last week to the effect that every decent American ought to put up a prayer for him on his forty-second birthday, because every decent American ought to want to help to pull him through. There may be something inscrutable, but there is something very real and deep about such a carrying personal influence. The secret is to be found, I reckon, in genuine character that has produced the goods. The

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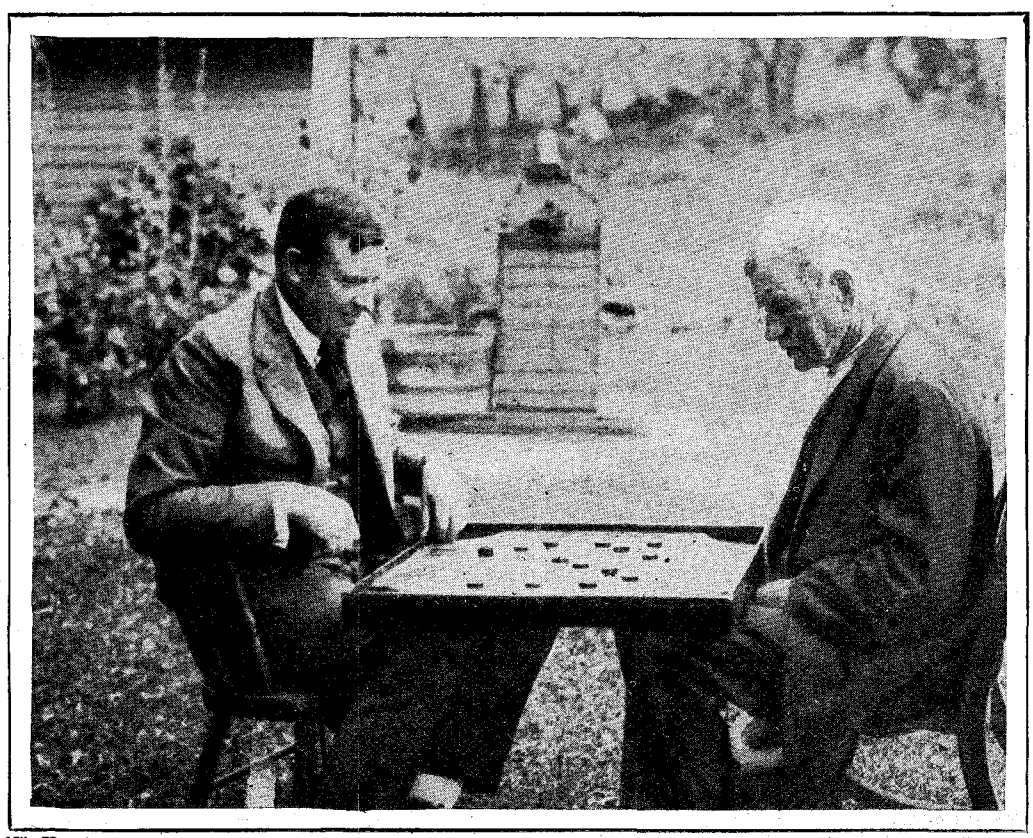

CHRISTY MATHEWSON, PERMITTED BY THE DOCTORS TO LEAVE SARANAC LAKE TEMPORARILY FOR A BIRTHDAY VISIT TO HIS PARENTS, PLAYING CHECKERS WITH HIS FATHER AT HIS OLD HOME AT FACTORYVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

(C) Keystone

American people care very little whether the field is baseball or politics or religion. They know the real thing. I was talking to a companion at a dinner party in Pennsylvania the other night about my impressions of Mathewson at Saranac, and before I knew it everybody at the table was listening. When I had finished, a well-known director of music who sat on my left said, "I have two boys, and next to Theodore Roosevelt their ideal is Christy Mathewson." Well, after all, it is the same thing. Whoever is as big as the best in the American people is the idol of all of us.

CONDITIONS IN BRITAIN

I—A GLIMPSE OF ENGLAND

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY FRANCIS ROGERS

IN July, 1921, England was burned brown by a pitiless, prolonged drought, the value of the shilling was only 18 cents (a drop of 6 cents since 1914), and the evidences of appalling unemployment were to be seen on every side. England was carrying on bravely, but grimly, concealing her many scars and infirmities as best she could and meeting her multitude of new and perplexing problems with the suppleness born of long experience, with which she has been able so many times to circumvent her difficulties.

In July, 1922, abundant rains have restored England to her normal verdant, fertile self, the shilling is worth 22½ cents, and official figures confirm the superficial signs of a substantial reduction in unemployment. So much as this one may discover for one's self in a few hours; it would be a long task, and one for which I am not competent, to offer a comprehensive and reliable estimate of England's condition at this time. All I shall attempt here to do is to transcribe for the readers of The Outlook a few glimpses of the England I have been in these past three weeks.

It is only little by little that one can take in the enormous price that England has paid and will for years to come continue to pay, for her participation in the war. Our own country is rightly proud of her share, but when one is in England one comes to realize that America, despite the magnitude and intensity of her effort, suffered but little in comparison with the older country. England put all her man power into the war, and, in addition, mobilized her woman power to an extent unequaled by any other great nation. Over two hundred thousand women were in uniform under Government discipline; this without counting the myriads of women engaged unofficially in war work. All England's material power was pledged to the winning of the war. In 1922, four years after the war, the English are the most heavily taxed people in the world. Of its actual fighting men the greater part are dead. (I was told the other day that in one small counter-attack in Belgium six years ago all but one out of forty-three officers were killed.) Forty-seven thousand veterans are now in hospitals and never will leave them alive; some six thousand are totally blinded. Such figures as these might be extended indefinitely, all pointing the same moral: that these burdens and bereavements England incurred in our behalf, as well as her own, wherever she faced the Germans. Surely it were contemptible in us now to show ourselves, rich and all but unscarred, anything but generous and sympathetic in our dealings with our late allies.

The great need of England, if she is to get firmly on her feet again, is productive employment, and yet while I write Congress is trying to enact a bill to reduce trade with England. With one breath we ask her to repay what she borrowed from us with which to defeat our common enemy; with the next we would deny her the ability to do business with us. To-day the Balfour Note has been published, and England is awaiting America's response; I wish I felt sure that it was to be as magnanimous as the circumstances merit!

Rural England is again a delight to the eye. Its fields are full of grazing flocks and herds, or of yellow grain. Its trees are as opulent as ostrich plumes,

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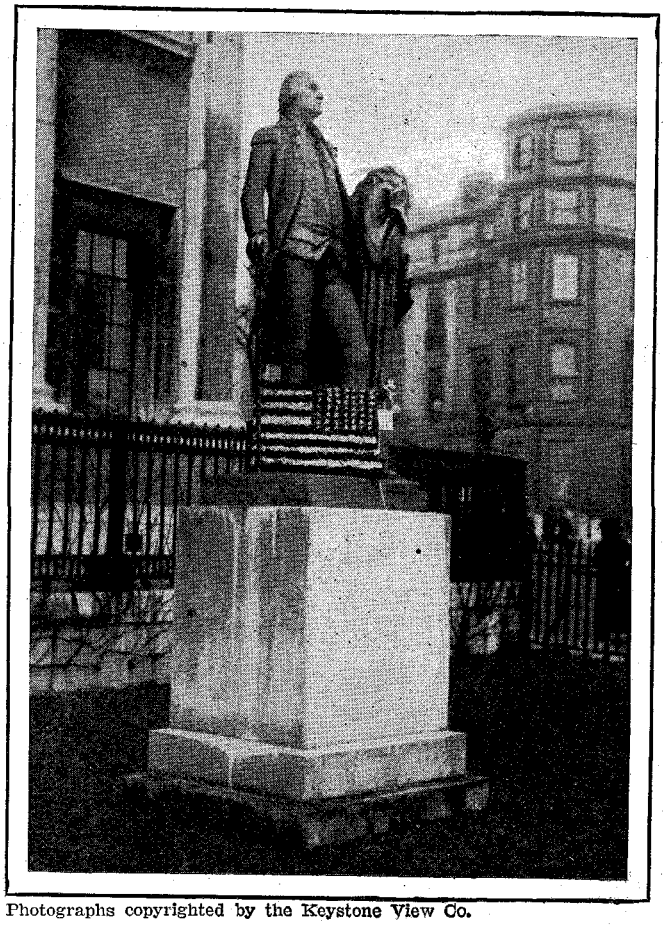

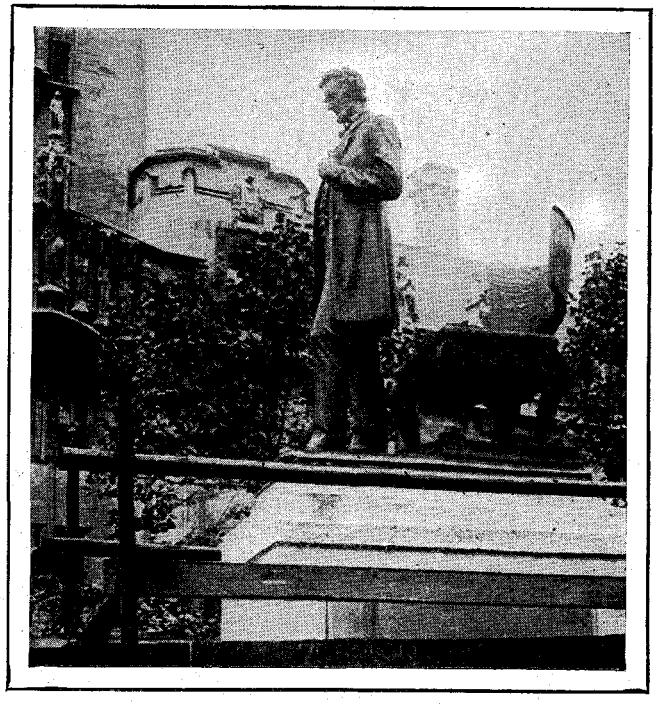

"IT IS GRATIFYING TO OUR NATIONAL PRIDE TO SEE HOUDON'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON GAZING SERENELY OVER TRAFALGAR SQUARE IN THE DIRECTION OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AND SAINT-GAUDENS'S LINCOLN PLACED DIRECTLY ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE ENTRANCE TO THE ABBEY"

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and in their luxuriance and symmetry seem never to have known either animal or vegetable blight. This great fertility must mean prosperity to the farmer, although I am told that the general use of harvesting machinery works much to the disadvantage of hand labor, which used to count on the returns from the harvesting season. Industrial England is still in a parlous state, waiting for the resumption of trade, upon which, indeed, the prosperity of the entire world depends.

In matters artistic England is on the upward grade. The Royal Academy exhibition, though by no means epoch-making or revelatory of new genius, is the best since the war. I arrived too late to hear any of the performances of opera in English that signalized the spring season, or any important concert, but I know from other sources of the excellent promise of the young English composers. Among the dramatists Milne is the most prolific in the field of light comedy; Galsworthy's "Loyalties" is the strongest of the new plays. I spent six days at Stratford-on-Avon and witnessed eight performances of the New Shakespeare Company in the Memorial Theater.

When an Englishman comes to the United States, his first interests are the sky-scrapers and Niagara Falls; the American seeks first Westminster Abbey, then Stratford. All summer long our doughty tourists have streamed through this little Midland city, hurrying from Shakespeare's birthplace to his tomb by way of Anne Hathaway's cottage and the grammar school where the poet learned his "small Latin and less Greek" (or, probably, no Greek at all). Too few of them know that on the banks of the smiling Avon is a theater in which during the summer weeks an admirable company of players, talented, ambitious and thoroughly trained, give daily performances of eight of Shakespeare's plays, changing the bill at every performance. It is a stock company, in which every player holds himself ready to play any part assigned to him. The Mark Antony you admire to-day will be an even better Iago to-morrow; the charming Rosalind will as Cleopatra sweep you off your feet. Our country has known no such competent company in a generation. This summer they are playing also "The Rivals." Iago, Othello, and Emilia gave exhilarating impersonations of the two Absolutes and Lydia Languish. The delightful old comedy is produced according to Sheridan's own version, and not "with Sheridan twenty miles away," in the guise inaugurated by Joseph Jefferson and revived by The Players in New York last spring.

The stage management of the Stratford Company is thoroughly intelligent; the scenery is adequate, though so simple as to permit the rapid shifts necessary for a lively performances; the costumes are for the most part those given to the Memorial Theater by Sothern and Marlowe when they retired from the stage some years ago. Across the street from the theater are the assembly-room and reading-room of the English-Speaking Union, that valuable institution that is doing so much on both sides of the water to make Americans and English understand and thereby like each other better. The Stratford Company would welcome an opportunity to make an American tour, but, unfortunately, they have not yet been able to secure the financial backing for the venture. A visit from them would be an important beneficial event in our theatrical life.

I cannot conclude these random notes without speaking of the friendliness and courtesy that follow the visitor wherever he goes in England. To a New Yorker, not used to considerate treatment in the streets and other public places, the good manners of the English are especially ingratiating. It is also gratifying to our National pride to see Houdon's statue of Washington gazing serenely over Trafalgar Square in the direction of the Houses of Parliament and Saint-Gaudens's Lincoln placed directly across the street from the entrance to the Abbey.

Washington, Lincoln, Shakespeare, and a thousand other great traditions the two nations share with each other; the war has forged a thousand new links in the chains that bind our destinies together. Unless the two nations continue to make common cause against the powers of disruption now so rampant in the world, the future of civilization is black indeed. England will spare no pains, I am certain, to continue this union of effort. Let us pray that the United States may not be found wanting in the critical hour. If any American

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thinks that England needs us more than we need her, he will do well to study an English newspaper and see how England's interests reach to every corner of the world and certainly do not focus on us. No, the prosperity and general welfare of the British Empire are of incalculable value to us, and, even if only from self-interest, we should strive to further them by every means in our power.

London, August 1, 1922.

II—IRELAND AND BRITISH "EMPIRE" DEFENSE

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ASTON, K.C.B.

"IT would be rash to predict anything of unhappy and turbulent Ireland, but there is at least better ground than before to trust that order will be established, the liberal Constitution offered the Free State by Great Britain be formally accepted, and representative government put on a sound and permanent basis."

I am encouraged to write this article by the above extract from The Outlook of July 12, and by a previous reference therein to General Jan Smuts as having, more than any other man, convinced the Irish people at large that, whatever their aspirations for independence in the far future, they may well be willing for the present to have the liberty of action and self-government that satisfies the Canadian, the Australian, and the citizen of the South African Republic.

I had the good fortune to be serving in South Africa at the time of the Union, a critical period in South African history. Towards the close of 1908 I presided at Durban over a conference between representatives of what were then four self-governing "colonies"—Cape Colony, Natal, the Transvaal, and the Orange Free State—about mutual defense, one of the levers by which Union was achieved. In 1912, after the Union, General Smuts handed over to me at Bloemfontein about fifty officers to be trained as the Staff Officers of the new South African Defense Force. Half of them were British South Africans and half were Dutch South Africans. Most of them, only ten years before, had been fighting each other to a finish in what, in those days, we used to call "the" war. In my inaugural address I told them that they had before them the ideal of a South African nation, that the spirit in which they would work would be a South African spirit, that upon them, more than upon any other public servants, would the success of the South African nation depend; because the South African forces formed one of the most important, if not the most important, indications of South African nationality. General Smuts said, in an inspiring speech: "South Africa must not have a Boer army or an English army, but a South African army," and, he added, "If you succeed, as we believe that you will, you will not only produce an army but a nation." That was just ten years ago this month. Those ten years have seen a South African army, so created, put down three rebellions in the country, and stand shoulder to shoulder with British, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, and Indians—not to mention men from all other parts of the British "Empire"—in defending the anti-imperialistic ideals for which that very misleading expression stands. Regardless of their racial origin, Dutch and British combined to form the South African army which, at Delville Wood, made the name of South Africa famous throughout the world, and every South African proud of his nationality.

I remember, during those days of South African Union, reading over and over again F. S. Oliver's "Alexander Hamilton" and Gertrude Atherton's "The Conqueror," which adds so much human interest to the tale of the Union of the States of America. I also remember wondering, in view of the subsequent experience of the influence of States' rights in bringing about the Civil War, how such matters would stand in the new South African Constitution. This Constitution turned what had been independent self-governing colonies into "provinces" with little vestige left of their independence, only such matters as primary education and the upkeep of roads being left to the provincial administrations. For contiguous states, grouped in the same nation or community, a central or Union Government was established having full power over finance, economics (through control of railways, customs, and taxation), and defense, including police. It is with defense that we are here concerned, with the influence of the new Irish Free State Constitution on the problem of British "Empire" defense.

We see in Ireland, now being accepted, a policy which is the exact opposite to that adopted for contiguous "colonies" in South Africa at the time of Union; it is a policy similar to that adopted for the British Commonwealth of nations which are not contiguous but remote from one another, spread all over the world. The expression "British Empire" does not occur in the Irish Free State Constitution; "British Commonwealth of Nations" is there used officially for the first time, to the best of my knowledge. The South African policy is being reversed, and, instead of trying to incite a national sentiment in the United Kingdom by maintaining one British army, the historic South of Ireland regiments with their wonderful war records have been disbanded. The Irish Free State, in this matter, has been given what has loosely been called "Dominion status." That expression as applied to Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa means virtual independence, the only official links being allegiance to the same constitutional sovereign, and, to a decreasing extent, the appeal by citizens to the same final court of appeal, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in London. It means, from the defense point of view, the right to maintain sea, land, or air forces and fortified bases from which they can operate, without interference by any external authority. It does not and cannot mean the same for the Irish Free State. This should be clearly understood, to avoid misconceptions and accusations of ill faith, of which we have had enough in the past. The late Admiral Mahan wrote: "Ireland by its geographical position stands across and controls the communications of Great Britain with the outside world." The British people are unwilling at the present stage to run the risk of their communications with the outside world being controlled by a nation constantly proclaiming its hostility to everything British. To that extent, and only, I believe, to that extent, the Irish Free State Constitution does not confer "Dominion status."

The establishment of a virtually independent nation in territory hitherto included in the United Kingdom has already had one good result. It has exploded once for all the myth about the attitude of Britain to Ireland. All that the British have done for many years has been to try to keep the peace in Ireland between Irishmen of different views and religions. By so doing they have incurred such bitter hostility as to give rise to the saying that England's trouble would still be Ireland's opportunity. The use made of that opportunity in the Great War sorely weakened the British army, owing to the need to keep large forces in Ireland at a most critical period. In the words quoted above from The Outlook, there is at least better ground than before to trust in the future. Much will depend upon the success of the recent appeal by the Provisional Government of the Irish Free State to the agitators and enthusiasts who "make dishonest appeals to emotions, founded in many cases upon deliberate falsehoods."

The establishment of the Irish Free State will, on the one hand, throw upon the English, the Scots, the Welsh, and the Ulstermen, still grouped in the United Kingdom, an additional share of the white man's burden of empire proper, a burden which is not shared by Canada, Australia, or New Zealand, though it is by South Africans, who govern five times their number of native races. On the other hand, if the experiment succeeds, as we hope and believe that it will, the army maintained by the still United Kingdom will be more free to accomplish its mission in Empire defense, the maintenance of order within, and defense against invasion from without.

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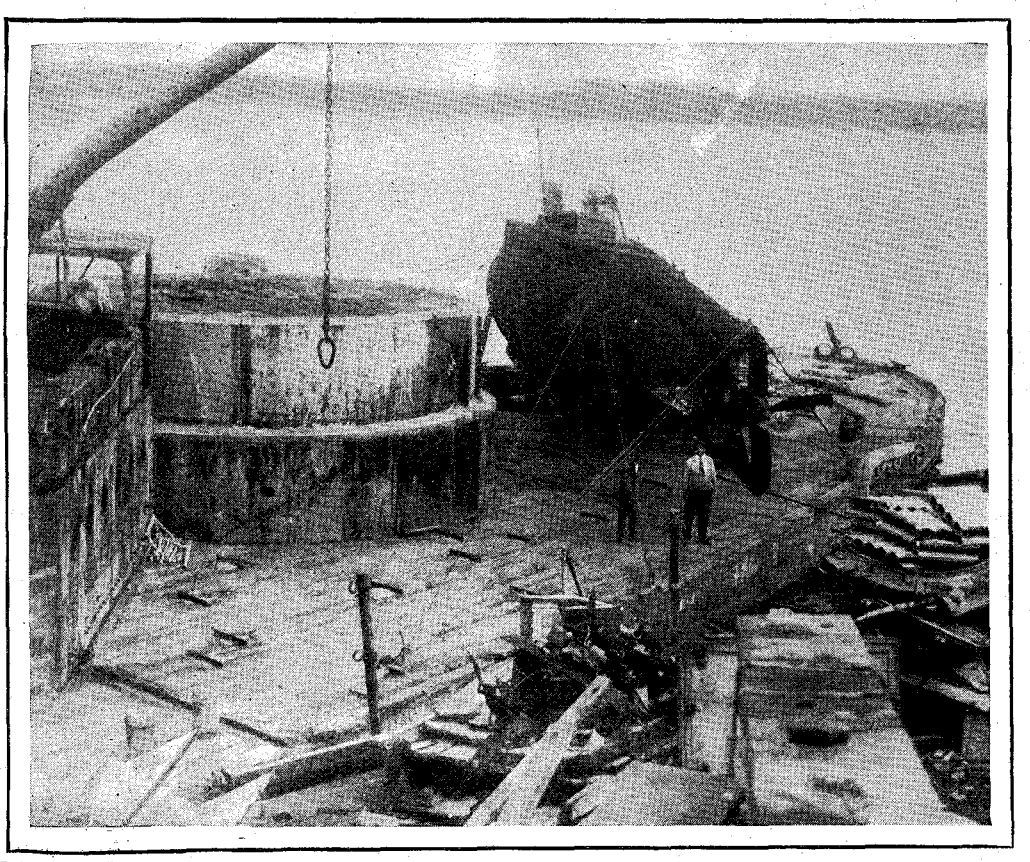
MEMORIES OF

(C) Harris & Ewing

THE FAMOUS PICKETT'S CHARGE AT THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, ENACTED BY UNITED STATES MARINES DURING THE GETTYSBURG CELEBRATION THIS YEAR

This photograph was made at the Bloody Angle, on the historic spot where most of the slaughter during the real battle took place



International

DISMANTLING A MONITOR, ONE OF THE TYPE OF CRAFT THAT REVOLUTIONIZED NAVAL WARFARE DURING THE CIVIL WAR

Joined in a common doom with much more modern warships—submarines, destroyers, cruisers, and even battleships, which are being scrapped at the Philadelphia shipyards where this photograph was made—is this survivor of an earlier period in our naval history

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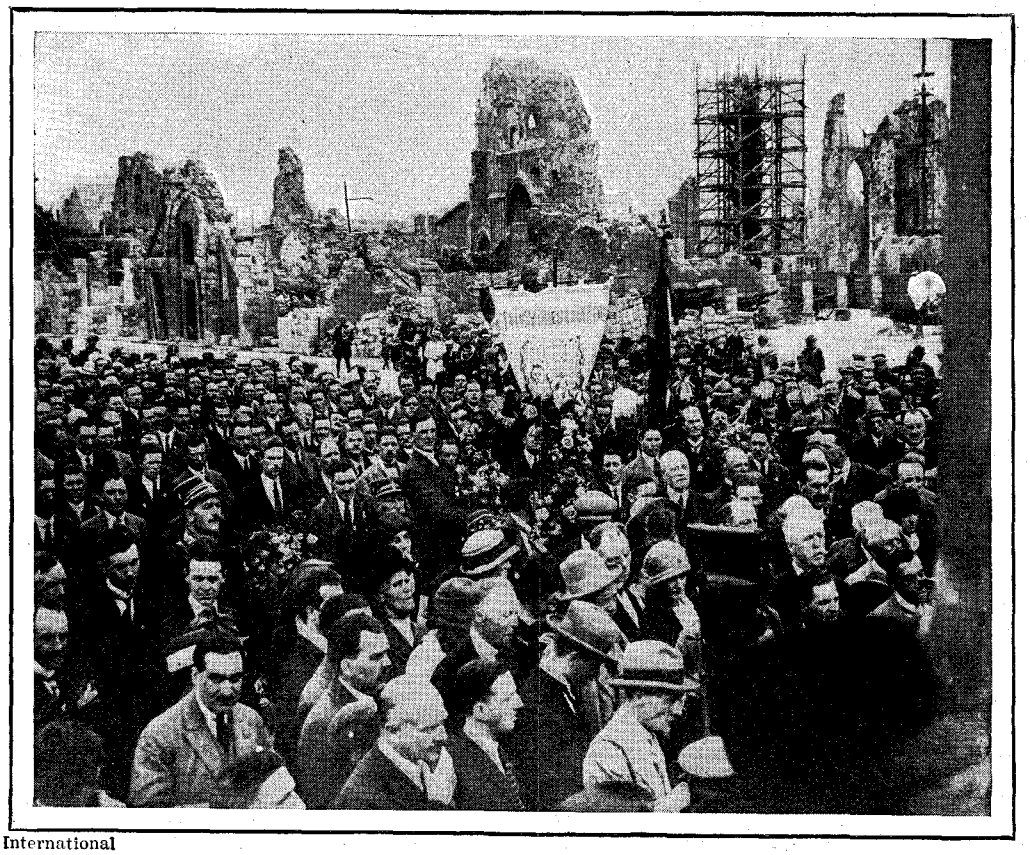
TWO GREAT WARS

THE GERMANS WANT "NO MORE WAR," AFTER THEIR DISASTROUS ADVENTURE ON BEHALF OF WORLD DOMINATION

Here is a scene during a demonstration in Berlin held on July 30, a date set for international protestations against further wars. Note the banners carried by the supporters of the movement

Wide World Photos



International

ABOVE IS WHAT THE GERMANS NOW SAY— HERE IS WHAT THEY DID

In the background is ruined Ypres. In the foreground we see members of the Ypres League, an organization of the British forces who fought at Ypres during the war. They are revisiting the scenes of the great conflict

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SHALL WE FORGET THE LUSITANIA?

BY SAMUEL FLAGG BEMIS

THEY say a good story has been going up and down the boulevards of Paris. It is one which may get written into our school texts of American history.

An American doughboy was captured by the Germans. He was brought before a staff officer for interrogation.

"How many of you Yankees are there in France already?" the German asked.

"Oh, about three millions," the American replied, nonchalantly.

"Three millions! Impossible! According to our precise information, there are not enough ships to carry across that many troops, even if they could get through our submarine blockade." The German was astounded.

"Oh, yes, we have ships enough. In fact, only one ship was necessary to get us all across."

"One ship enough! Absurd! What ship was that?"

"The Lusitania."

It was indeed that one ship, and the long train of submarine controversy which followed its destruction, that brought the United States into the war and our boys to France. Let no American fool himself into believing that our Government went to war for any other reason than the murder of our citizens on the high seas in the most wanton violation of international law. If it had not been for the submarine outrages we would not have joined the Allies, and Germany would have won the war. Let any one who will not believe this read the revealing letters of Franklin Lane on President Wilson's Cabinet meetings or the London letters of Walter H. Page.

THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF AMERICAN CLAIMS

The one ship brought three million American troops into the war and changed the destiny of humanity. That the cause for which these men fought was righteous no one in America will now deny. If so righteous, it follows that this Government has morally obligated itself to secure proper indemnification for the outrages to neutral American citizens whose assault and assassination brought this country into the war. Our Government owes it to its self-respect and honor to see that the families and dependents of the scores of these citizens shall be indemnified at the expense of Germany. It owes it to its self-respect and honor that American citizens surviving those horrors with crippled bodies shall be indemnified for their suffering as far as material compensation can help restore them to health and happiness. The United States in all its history has had no more righteous nor more universally acknowledged claims than these against a foreign Power. It is to the honor of both our great political parties that they have shown a determination to secure for our victims of German piracy the reparation they deserve.

AN ORGANIZED PROPAGANDA TO FORGET

Very curiously, there is developing an organized opinion that is already trying to make us forget the Lusitania. It would leave to shift for themselves these Americans who had the temerity to travel, in full protection of their Government and with its passports, on Allied passenger ships during the war. This sort of organized propaganda would forget altogether our fellow-citizens killed or crippled on the Lusitania, Sussex, and other Allied passenger boats and on American merchant ships during the period of our neutrality. In the case of Swiss and Spanish subjects who were injured or who lost their lives in the torpedoing of the cross-Channel passenger packet Sussex in 1916, Germany made prompt indemnification. She also offered to indemnify the United States for the Lusitania and Sussex horrors. We correctly refused to accept mere money compensation for such shameless insult. We insisted on absolute and final rejection of the principle of ruthless submarine warfare before discussing material reparation. We insisted, ultimately, on extinguishing by armed force that vicious principle. Now that the principle itself has been attended to in the only possible way, the claims of these Americans may be considered. But, we repeat, there are fellow-countrymen who would forget the Lusitania—at least the American victims murdered on it in the most spectacular assault against civilization that modern times have witnessed.

Before the writer is a little circular put into wide distribution among American educators, writers, students, and clergymen by an association whose general purpose is a liberalization and definition of American foreign policy. The circular is entitled "Return *All* the Alien Property." It refers to property of German, Austrian, and Hungarian owners sequestered—not confiscated—during the war by the United States, after act of Congress, and now held for eventual disposition in the hands of the Alien Property Custodian. It is this property alone which can be available to satisfy the claims of our citizens or the dependents who survive them, claims so just as to have justified a war.

It is useless to speak of collecting anything from Germany unless out of this sequestered property. This can easily and honorably be done, and Germany be left to indemnify in such way as she can the German owners of that property. The same is true as to Austria and Hungary, if we choose, although this article applies specifically to Germany. All that Germany has now is mortgaged to the European Allies by the Treaty of Versailles. The property now held in trust by the United States amounts to something considerably over $600,000,000, ample to satisfy the claims of which we write. What is left may be returned to the German Government. But we should remember right here that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Also that an American dollar at this writing is worth anywhere between four hundred and five hundred marks. The history of the Boxer indemnity shows that the United States, the only Power to return to China any surplus out of the round sum collected, may be trusted to do justice to Germany with what is left after securing to our own citizens the justice so ruthlessly trampled on from 1914 to 1917.

PRIVATE PROPERTY IN WAR TIME

The argument for the immediate return of "*all* the alien property"—the word "all" has been used and italicized because of reports that the Government had proposed to return properties of value of less than $10,000—is the more plausible because it purports to be based on international law. It is the more indefensible because it is put forth to liberal-minded Americans by an organization whose directors are students of international law and who have, perhaps unconsciously, failed to give the law of nations fair examination in this particular instance. Above all, they have not made their brief fair to the American citizens murdered on the Lusitania. Their argument runs in favor of Germany and against the justice of requiring payment for the American claims out of the sequestered property and leaving to Germany the obligation to restore to her citizens the property which she will have agreed to divert to our purpose. The argument is not only not patriotic, but not just.

They contend as follows. Heretofore the United States has always insisted on the sanctity and security of private property of enemy aliens in time of war. This procedure "embodies what has since 1793 been deemed a fixed rule of international law and has been considered unassailable. Whatever path other nations may choose to follow, we at least have an honorable tradition to maintain in this matter, fortified by our treaties, by international law, and by the promises expressly made when Congress adopted the policy of sequestration." It is asserted that the argument that this sequestered property should be held as security to satisfy claims due American citizens strikes at the root of the in-

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violability of private property in time of war, "for to use private property to pay governmental obligations is merely a method of confiscating it in whole or in part." Anyway, it is held, the claims of American citizens will probably be reduced to a sum not exceeding $25,000,000 (this statement despite press reports that the State Department has totaled the American claims, filed under oath, at several hundred million dollars). Therefore all this sequestered property should not be held as security for the just claims of Americans slain and mangled by German torpedoes, but should all of it be immediately returned to its alien owners. It is needless to add that thereupon it will be taken over by the Allies to satisfy the unextinguished claims of their subjects.

The question thus is one whether the claims of killed and injured Americans, the victims of these outrages during the period of our neutrality, should be relinquished—after the United States has made victory possible and has demanded no war indemnity nor cessions nor reward of any kind—to help satisfy Germany's European creditors. It is argued that it is illegal or dishonorable, or both, for the United States to hold this sequestered property against satisfaction of our just claims.

Now, as a matter of reality, it is neither illegal nor dishonorable to hold this property until our claims are satisfied. And it is obvious that these claims actually can be satisfied in no other way. An attentive examination of the treaties between the United States and Germany and of the relevant principles of international law, simple enough for everybody to understand, will show that our hands are in no danger of being tainted.

Even immunity from absolute confiscation—remember it is only temporary sequestration with which we need actually be concerned here—has by no means been a universally acknowledged principle of international law. One of the standard treatises on international law before the war was Hall, who declares as follows on confiscation:

> Upon the whole, . . . although the seizure by a belligerent of property within his jurisdiction would be entirely opposed to the drift of modern opinion and practice, the contrary usage, so far as personal property is concerned, was until lately too partial in its application, and has covered a larger field for too short a time to enable appropriation to be forbidden on the ground of custom as a matter of strict law; and as it is sanctioned by the general legal rule, a special rule of immunity cannot be established by custom alone. For the present, therefore, it cannot be said that a belligerent does a distinctly illegal act in confiscating such personal property of his enemies existing within his jurisdiction as is not secured upon the public faith; but the absence of any instance of confiscation in the more recent European wars [*i. e.*, since the Napoleonic wars], no less than the common interest of all nations and present [1889] feeling, warrant a confident hope that the *dying right*[1] will never again be put in force, and that it will soon be wholly extinguished by disuse.

It has been the tendency of some writers after Hall to consider the decease of that "dying right" of confiscation (not the milder procedure of temporary sequestration) to have occurred already, although there had been since Hall's time no European war of sufficient consequence to test the strength of the increasing desire for such immunity. Thus, for example, the distinguished American publicist, Hershey, writing in 1912, regarded the confiscation of private alien enemy property as entirely obsolete in practice. He was speaking of course of confiscation, not of sequestration.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CONFISCATION AND SEQUESTRATION

Two years after Hershey's book was published the European War broke out, and the immunity of private property could not stand the strain. It was to the interest of Germany to secure the general adoption of that principle, just as it was for her interest, in the face of British sea power, to secure the general adoption of the Declaration of London and, if possible, the immunity of private property at sea. This was simply because of the great amount of German investments abroad. Germany would have had far more to gain than to lose by establishing the immunity of private property. Not so with France and England, which speedily sequestered German-owned property located within their territory. In protest and retaliation, Germany did the same to French and British property in Germany. Later Great Britain proceeded to sell all sequestered German property located in her territory and to wind up German-owned business concerns, holding the liquidated proceeds against the terms of peace. France did not ordinarily sell the alien enemy property. She was content to administer it during the war. Following the British practice of liquidating enemy-owned property, the same procedure was put into force by Germany against British-owned property. In innocent Belgium, where no cause for retaliation should have existed, the property of alien enemies was placed under German administration, except in the case of British-owned property, which was promptly liquidated. As is well known, the Treaty of Versailles settled the question of the eventual disposition of this sequestered property, not by confiscating it, but by crediting it to Germany's reparations account. By the terms of the Treaty, Germany took over the responsibility of indemnifying her subjects for property over which they had thus by the action of their Government lost title.

[1] Italics inserted.

When the United States entered the war, the right of sequestration was thus in full practice by the chief nations of the world. There had been no actual confiscation, nor technically has there been confiscation since that time. In fact, there is no occasion to use the word confiscation at all here. We are dealing rather with sequestration, a milder procedure which recognizes the title of the property to be held in trust for the owner. The practice of the United States, however, had been to favor the complete immunity of alien-enemy-owned private property, just as we had consistently voiced our desires to see accomplished the complete immunity of private property at sea. We actually wrote an anti-sequestration guaranty into our first commercial treaty with England, at England's strong insistence, because of the enormous amount of British-owned property then existing here, concerning which sequestration had been recently threatened by Congress. That treaty applied to the War of 1812 in so far as this provision is concerned. During that war the Supreme Court of the United States held that *confiscation* could not take place without a special act of Congress. Since the War of 1812 we have not been engaged in a war in which the question of enemy-owned property existed in magnitude enough to be of vital importance. When we went to war with Germany, we stood confronted with the existence of a great amount of enemy-owned property within our confines and the widespread European practice of sequestration. To allow that enemy property to continue in its existing shape would actually have weakened the military strength of the Nation. For example, if we had not taken over the German privately owned ships in American harbors, if we had recognized the absolute sanctity of private alien property in that instance and had forborne to use these ships for transports, Germany might have won the war, and there would be no question of sequestered German property vexing a few good people to-day in our land. They would be annoyed, instead, by the difficulties of meeting staggering taxes to pay Germany's war expenses. It is interesting to note in this connection that the clamor against sequestration has not been very audible in the case of the ships taken into custody and used for transports during the war. In regard to the other German-owned property sequestered and later sold, the proceeds were largely invested in Liberty Bonds, which are now held in trust by the custodian—instruments which proved almost as helpful in winning the war as the ships we were lucky enough to find in our harbors.

Considering that there was no express prohibition of international law against sequestration, nor even any certainty in the case of actual confiscation, and considering the widespread practice of European nations, among them our

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enemy, the American procedure of taking custody of alien property in this country and putting it into such shape as was most useful for victory is nothing which can be held to tarnish the honor of our country. All this is written in the assumption that Germany and her allies had not already committed against us hideous violations of international law such as to justify not only this calm sequestration but retaliatory measures of the most severe and unmistakable nature. Understand that we have been discussing the question only from the technical point of view, as if the decks of passenger ships had not already been made slippery with American blood and as if no American woman or child had been done to her death by a German *Schwarzkopf*.

OUR TREATY OBLIGATIONS OBSERVED

It remains to see whether in our sequestration of German-owned property we have violated any treaty obligations. The only treaty provision which applies is Article XXIII of the Treaty of Amity and Commerce between the United States and Prussia of 1799. This article repeats the terms of the same article in the treaty of 1785, and was reincorporated in the Treaty of Commerce and Navigation of 1828, which continued legally to govern relations between the United States until the outbreak of the war in 1917. The article stipulates:

> If war should arise between the two contracting parties, the merchants of either country then residing in the other shall be allowed to remain nine months to collect their debts and settle their affairs, and may depart freely, carrying off all their effects without molestation or hindrance. And all women and children, scholars of every faculty, cultivators of the earth, artisans, manufacturers, and fishermen, unarmed and inhabiting unfortified towns, villages, or places, and in general all others whose occupations are for the common subsistence and benefit of mankind, shall be allowed to continue their respective employments, and shall not be molested in their persons, nor shall their houses or goods be burnt or otherwise destroyed, nor their fields wasted by the armed force of the enemy, into whose power by the events of war they may happen to fall; but if anything is necessary to be taken from them for the use of such armed force, the same shall be paid for at a reasonable price.

With this article in mind, let us examine American treatment of enemy-owned property.

The procedure was determined by the Trading-with-the-Enemy Act of October 6, 1917. An admirable summary of that act and procedure under it may be found written by the eminent authority on international law, Professor James W. Garner, in the "American Journal of International Law" for 1918, also summarized in the same writer's "International Law and the World War" (1920). The act provided for appointment by the President of an Alien Property Custodian with power to receive all money or property due or belonging to an enemy or enemy ally subject which might be delivered or conveyed to him, and, under the direction of the President, to hold and administer the same. All corporations, associations, and trustees with shares owned by enemy aliens were required to make manifest the amount and location of enemy alien ownership. All debts owed to alien enemies or property due them, not otherwise expressly provided for by license, was to be delivered to the Custodian. These last-mentioned funds were then to be invested in United States bonds. All other property held by the Custodian was to be "safely held and administered" by him. According to Professor Garner, the sale of enemy property does not appear to have been authorized by the Trading-with-the Enemy Act further than was necessary to protect that property against waste and to preserve the interests of the United States in the same. But by a clause in the Urgency Deficiency Bill of March 28, 1918, the Custodian was given general power to sell to American citizens any property in his possession; and by an executive order of April 2, 1918, sales were commenced. "The avowed purpose of this measure . . . was to destroy the enormous financial power which had been built up in the United States *by persons resident in Germany*,[1] and to root out German influence." The proceeds of sales of course were not confiscated by the Government, but retained —sequestered—in its safe possession until a proper occasion should come for adjustment of the several difficulties with Germany. It is this money which is still in the possession of the Alien Property Custodian, and which some few people would not like to see returned immediately and without condition to Germany.

The question arises, Was this sequestration a violation of the Treaty of 1799, above quoted? On this the authority of Professor Garner is quite clear:

> This treaty stipulation was, however, clearly inapplicable to property owned in the United States by persons residing or domiciled in Germany. It evidently had in mind the protection of peaceable non-combatant enemy aliens who remained in the United States after the outbreak of war, and not those who were abroad and engaged in carrying on war against the United States. . . .
>
> It does in fact not appear that the property of any German subject residing in the United States not actually engaged in making war against the United States and not interned, was seized or sold. Seizures and sales were in the main limited to property owned, not by enemy aliens residing or domiciled in the enemy country and embracing such persons as the Emperor, the late Chancellor Bethmann Hollweg, and many capitalists belonging to the ruling class who held enormous property interests in the United States and who were actually engaged in making war against the Government and people of the United States.

[1] Italics inserted.

Only in case restitution of this property is not contemplated can it be regarded as confiscation, opines Mr. Garner, not without noting the Senate debates which maintained that confiscation would be just reprisal for Germany's conduct in destroying the lives and property of American citizens on the high seas. He continues:

> Apparently it was the intention of Congress that the whole question of restitution should be left for determination by the treaty of peace at the conclusion of the war, the idea being that a claim would be presented to Germany for damages on account of the unlawful destruction of American lives and property at sea by the German naval forces, and a balance struck between the amount so claimed and the amount of the proceeds derived from the sale of German-owned property in the United States. On this assumption, the seizure and sale of German-owned property in the United States by the American Government, severe and unprecedented as it may seem, can be justly defended.

It is not necessary to contrast the weight of authority behind these words with that on which rests the unsigned text of a well-meaning but uninformed liberal association which purports to give advice to Mr. Hughes in the disposition of the foreign affairs of the country. One might be tempted nevertheless to note that the same association which stands here, after its own logic, for the sanctity of private property is at present conducting a campaign for the recognition by the United States of the Russian Soviet Republic, which has arrogantly and persistently refused to restore private property of any kind, alien or domestic, confiscated in 1917.

The final assertion against retention of this sequestered property as security for claims is that it is contrary to "promises expressly made when Congress adopted the policy of sequestration." As to this assertion, it is enough to say that it is wrong in fact. A reading of the acts in question shows no such promise, nor does a reference to the United States Statutes at large and the "Congressional Record" for the period of the war.

GERMANY'S OWN VIOLATIONS OF THE TREATY

Before losing sight of the treaty of 1828 with Prussia, we should notice certain other articles applicable to the treatment of the United States as a neutral by Germany, a belligerent. Article XII of the treaty declares:

> If one of the contracting parties should be engaged in war with any other Power, the free intercourse and commerce of the subjects or citizens of the party remaining neuter with the belligerent Powers shall not be interrupted. On the contrary, in that

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case, as in full peace, the vessels of the neutral party may navigate freely to and from the ports and on the coasts of the belligerent parties, free vessels making free goods.

The treaty further provides that in case a strictly specified list of commodities shall be subject to detention as contraband they shall never be confiscated as such, but full indemnity for their actual value shall be paid the owners, although the goods fall within the enumerated category of contraband.

Contrast with this treaty the German submarine blockade of England and its application to American shipping. Contrast the ruthless submarine warfare—not anticipated by any treaty, it is true, but as rank piracy beyond the pale of civilized warfare and international law—with the loyal observance by the United States of the terms of the old Prussian treaties. It is both silly and wrong to maintain that the conduct of the United States toward alien-owned property during the recent war has been anything but honorable and fair. We have pursued the path of "proud punctilio," and that in the face of shameless violation by Germany of international law in its universally recognized definitions and of her very treaty obligations with the United States.

THE JOINT CLAIMS COMMISSION

It would not be even necessary to subject the matter of these claims to a German-American joint commission. The United States is perfectly competent, and the history of the Chinese Boxer indemnity shows that it is able honorably and justly to settle them without reference to German assistance. But to avoid any accusation by Germany of "veiled confiscation" a joint claims commission can be set up by agreement between the two Governments, with the understanding written into the convention that all sums awarded to American claimants be paid out of the German property now in sequestration, the balance of which shall then be promptly returned to Germany. That is what appears to be the policy of the Department of State. Surely there is nothing unfair or dishonorable about this procedure, nor anything wrong in holding the property in sequestration until Germany is willing to agree to such a settlement of claims the justice of which she had expressly acknowledged before she finally forced us into war.

Let us not forget the Lusitania!

VICTOR EMMANUEL III

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM ITALY

BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

NEVER have I met a simpler, more unaffected, more intelligent man. Simplicity was in refreshing contrast to the stiff salutes from the many gorgeously uniformed military men as I entered the palace, crossed a great court, and ascended a long, spacious stairway leading to splendidly decorated rooms. In the last of them was Duke Borea d'Olmo, Royal Master of Ceremonies, with whom I conversed for a few moments. Then a door at the other end of the room was opened, and another official appeared and shook hands with me. Both then took their positions on either side of the door and, standing at attention, invited me to pass through.

I entered the throne room. I looked towards the other end, where I expected to see the monarch sitting in state, when, lo! close to the entrance a small, friendly-looking person was smiling, extending his hand, and saying in English, "I am very glad to see you, Mr. Baldwin."

Before I could recover from my surprise he had escorted me across the room to a sofa, on which he ensconced himself in true Rooseveltian fashion, indicating at his side a table for my "topper" and an armchair for myself. In the same way, later, when he gave me his hand in good-by, indicating that the audience was at an end (I had of course to wait for the royal signal before rising), he accompanied me across the room to the door, thus thoughtfully saving me the otherwise necessary backing out and the three customary bows, and also saving himself the furniture I surely would have backed into on my way out.

I had come for a supposedly three-minute formality. The King kindly kept me half an hour.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY VISITING TRIESTE

The Queen is kissing a little Jugoslav child, a representative of the race which occupies Trieste in conjunction with the new Italian rulers of the city

The American Forestry Association had requested me to inform his Majesty of its gift to Italy of five million Douglas fir seeds. From what the King told me, I felt surer than ever that the gift would be appreciated here.

I did not have to tell him what the American Forestry Association was any more than what The Outlook was. His knowledge of men and things is simply omnifarious.

Speaking of The Outlook, he inquired

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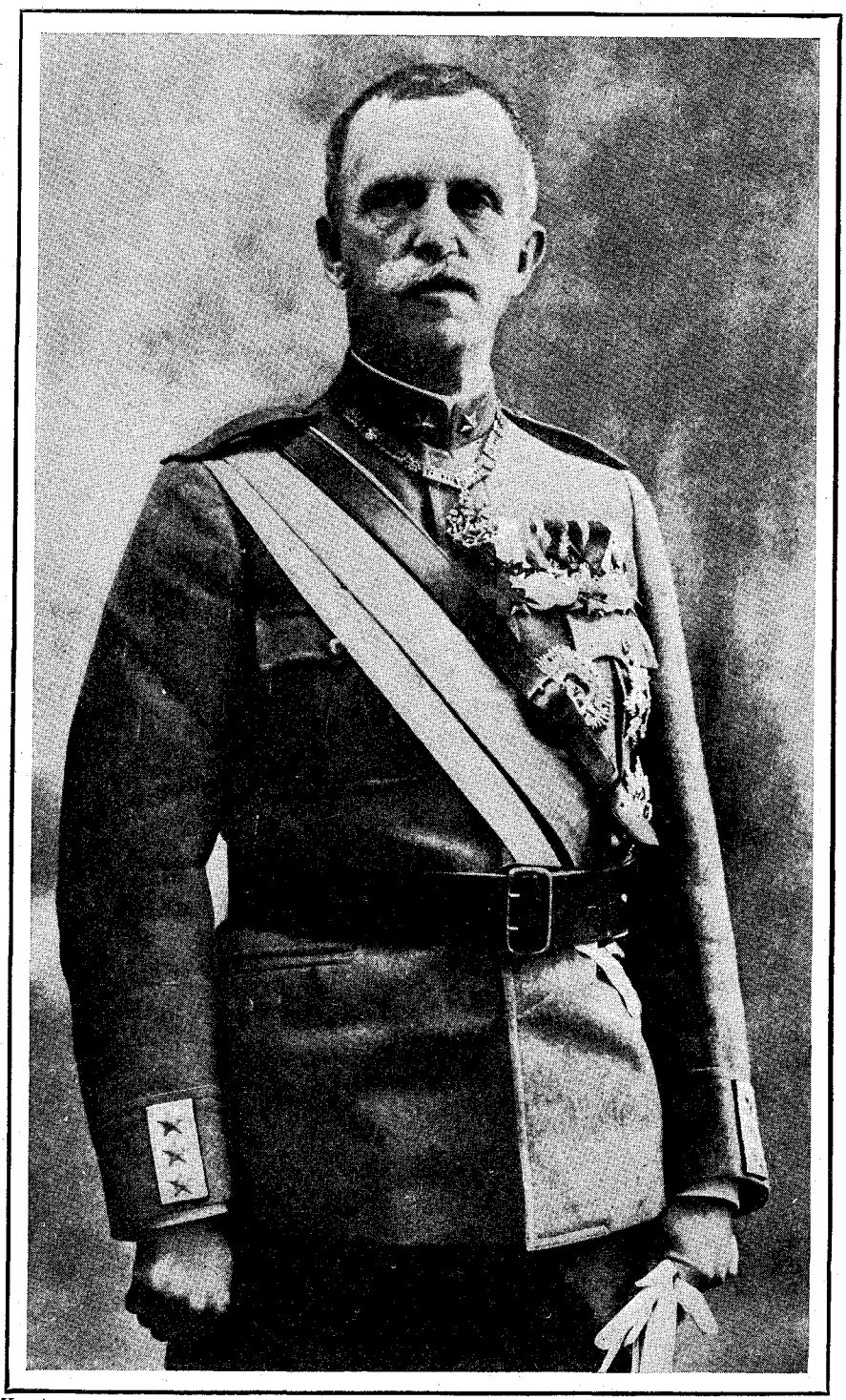

Keystone

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL III OF ITALY

"King Humbert gave his son a Spartan education in every way. You read the result in the strong lines of the present King's face"

how long I had been on its editorial staff.

I replied: "Thirty years."

He answered: "You must have begun young."

"No, your Majesty."

"Why, how old are you?"

When I told him, he said: "I supposed we were about the same age."

He knows how to hand out a compliment.

In connection with The Outlook, we spoke of Theodore Roosevelt. "What a pity such a man could not have been spared!" remarked the King, and then made me tell him about the Brazilian expedition. "He seemed so young when he was here," his Majesty added, "it is difficult to realize that he is gone."

We talked of various events. The Facta Ministry had fallen the night before, and I thanked the King for receiving me at a moment when his engagements were presumably pressing.

Not once did I have to take recourse to Italian or French. His Majesty speaks English not only with easy fluency but, strange as it may seem, without foreign accent.

Victor Emmanuel's portraits do not do him justice. In the first place, he is maturer, not to say older looking. In the second place, his face is finer and more winsome. In face, as in mind, he is ahead of his father, Humbert I, and his grandfather, Victor Emmanuel II.

King Humbert gave his son a Spartan education in every way. You read the result in the strong lines of the present King's face, as in the marvelous range and accuracy of his information. His physician said to me the other day: "Tap his Majesty on any subject, and you will get, not only a ready response—you may find that in some things he is unusually erudite." Such proved to be my experience.

His manner unites his father's force and his mother's grace. Yet there is a wistful something about the manner, as of one who, though happy because of many blessings, had long since found one fundamental blessing withheld and would know the reason why—a blessing more essential to a king than to a commoner.

As I sat there I could not help thinking of my earlier visits to Rome, when I saw the King, then a little boy, driving with his tutor. Like every one else, I admired the boy's mother, Margaret of Savoy, and used to go frequently to the Pincio, where she drove daily, to get a sight of her lovely face and gracious manner. Once I had a bow from her all to myself, and that was a red-letter day for me.

Now the boy has become the man. His closely cropped hair is graying fast. His prominent mustache does not altogether hide the lines of his fine mouth. His clear eyes are at once piercing and all-embracing; they are kindly, but they show that he cherishes no illusions. Unlike most Italians, as he talks he makes few gestures.

A conscientious and a really powerful ruler, Victor Emmanuel is first, last, and all the time a domestic man. Some people complain that the King and the Queen do not show themselves enough in public. They are not always on dress parade, it is true, but they show themselves conscientiously and sufficiently. What is more necessary for Italy or for any other country, they show themselves models of family devotion. Years ago the royal physician—as he himself told me—happened in at the palace nursery, and found the King, Queen, and their children all on the floor playing mumbletypeg.

A few hours after my audience to-day I saw an old Roman friend who visits the King frequently. "The next time you have an audience with his Majesty," remarked my friend, "ask if you may not bring one of your sons along with you, should the occasion permit. The King takes a great interest in young men. He has a fine boy of his own."

Rome, July 20, 1922.

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THREE POEMS BY CHANG HU

TRANSLATED BY WITTER BYNNER AND KIANG KANG-HU

AN OLD SONG

THREE thousand li from her native land
And twenty years in the depths of the palace,
To-day, at the end of a single stave,
She cannot hide her tears from you.

ON THE TERRACE OF ASSEMBLED ANGELS

SUNLIGHT slants on a stately roof,
Branches present their red blossoms for dew . . .
Last night the Emperor made a new choice—
Ever-True's bright smile parts the curtains.

The Emperor favors Lady Kuo Kuo.
In the morning, approaching the palace gate, riding,
Contemptuous of paint as a blemish on beauty,
To meet him she smooths her two moth-tiny eyebrows.

AT CHIN-LING FERRY

IN the one-story inn at Chin-ling Ferry
Even a night is enough misfortune,
But down the dead moon's ebbing tide
Beckon the twinklings of Kua-chou.

THE NEW GUARD AT THE PUBLIC PURSE

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM WASHINGTON

BY WILLIAM P. HELM, JR.

THE Federal Government spends, year in and year out, about $100,000 every working hour for transportation of its property and employees. Nearly every dollar of this money is spent wisely and judiciously, but once in a while there is a slip and a few dollars are spent unnecessarily. When such slips occur, they are investigated, safeguards against their repetition are erected, and the Government profits in the long run through changes which would not have been adopted otherwise.

A case in point is the recent shipment of a human skeleton. It was sent with a miscellaneous lot of hospital supplies—food containers, laundry-bags, instrument tables, and bed screens—from one institution to another. With the exception of the skeleton, the shipment, which weighed 13,600 pounds, was subject to a low freight rate. The freight rate on the skeleton, however, was three times the first-class rate.

As the car containing the goods was sealed and the weights of the various items were not listed sparately, the entire shipment moved at the skeleton rate. Moreover, railway regulations prescribe 20,000 pounds as a minimum carload, so the freight charge was based on that weight. Because of these circumstances, the Government paid about five times as much freight on the shipment as it should have paid.

The high charges on the shipment did not escape the eye of an official recently assigned to the task of saving money for the Government in the item of its transportation charges. He investigated, found that the railway was clearly within its rights, ordered the bill paid and the system changed. No Government laundry-bags will travel hereafter at three times the first-class rate.

The change was made through the vigilance of the Government's newest major agency, the Bureau of the Budget. That agency has been functioning smoothly and quietly for about a year. It employs no press agent; it does not work in the newspapers, so little is read about its activities. Its duties consist of nothing more or less than saving money for the taxpayers.

It saves money in hundreds of big and little instances, all of which come under two headings: First, economy in planning for future expenses; and, second, economy in spending funds already appropriated. Its work is so big and broad and with so many ramifications and the economies it has already achieved are so richly studded with striking illustrations that it is difficult in a short article to portray even its high lights. Its scope and accomplishments are measured in savings of hundreds of millions of public funds and in a spirit of economy that is spreading, like leaven, through every executive branch of the Federal Government, clear down the line to the humblest employee.

It is little more than a year since Congress enacted the Budget Law. Under that law the executive branch of the Government is required to plan appropriations for a year ahead, in detail, and submit the estimates to the Director of the Budget, who holds over them the power of veto. The Director of the Budget has exercised his prerogatives to such good effect that Government expenditures during the present fiscal year are many millions below what they would be without such a check.

Bureau after bureau has sent its estimate to the Director of the Budget, to have it slashed in its non-essentials; to have cherished plans of increased Governmental activity—and expense—eliminated; to have pet projects thrown into the discard. Bureau chieftains have finally realized that a new day has come in spending public funds and that there is a new and effective check to boundless expansion of Governmental domain. It has been a shock to these well-meaning and highly efficient gentlemen, the like of which they have never had before.

In justice to these able public servants, it should be clearly pointed out that they have been trained for generations to consider the end to be accomplished as of prime importance and the cost secondary. With this lifetime training become set in the hard mold of habit, there is little wonder that they are wrenched in adjusting their affairs

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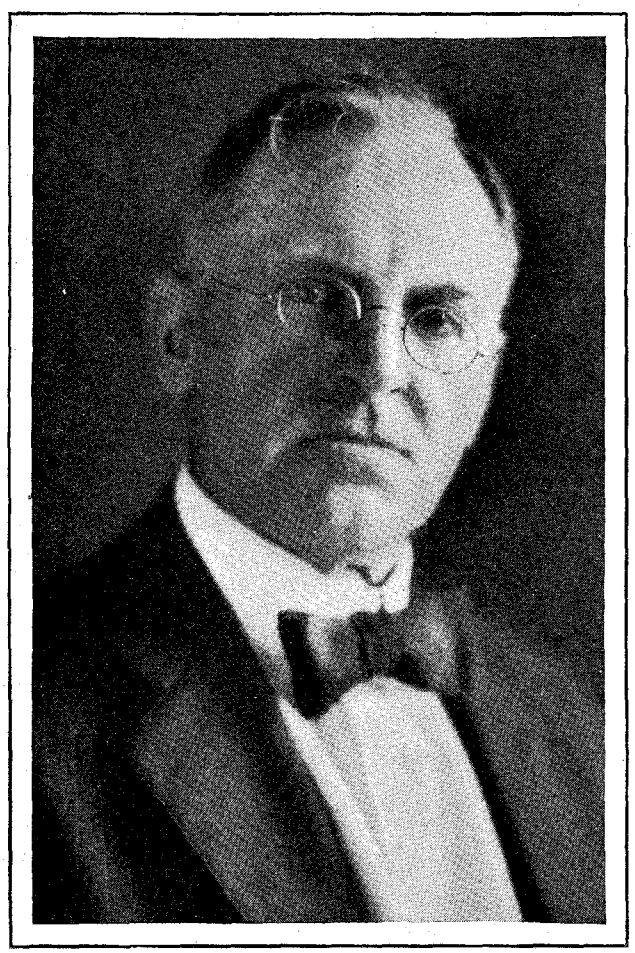

FORMER BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. M. LORD, THE NEW DIRECTOR OF THE BUDGET,

Succeeding General Dawes

(C) Harris & Ewing

to the new rule that the cost comes first and, with certain notable exceptions, the end to be accomplished second.

They are learning, however, thanks to the deft guiding of the first Director of the Budget, General Charles G. Dawes, and to his resourceful and energetic successor, General H. M. Lord. The first of these gentlemen taught official Washington the new rules of the game; the second is training it to team-work and perfection in its play. The first, because of his vigorous testimony before a Congressional investigating committee, has been profanely dubbed "Hell-and-Maria" Dawes; the second, from his own slogan, "Economy with Efficiency," is growing into the characterization of "Economy" Lord.

Dawes, first in the new field, accomplished the spectacular; Lord, his successor, is carrying on and, in addition, is putting into effect some highly meritorious and efficient ideas of his own. He realizes, in his own language, that "we must sell the budget every day to the American people," and he is seeking every day of his interesting official life to perfect his salesmanship.

The Director of the Budget is the personal agent of the President. The President has clothed him, by virtue of the Budget Law, with extraordinary powers. He has the dictum in affairs of finance over the rulings of members of the Cabinet. Subject only to the President's approval, his word is law as to what expenditures shall be recommended to Congress and what shall not for every bureau, board, commission, and department of the Federal Government.

Clothed with these ample powers, the Director of the Budget has made intensive study of Government expenditures.

One of the first things investigated by the Budget Bureau was the business of buying. It uncovered some amazing things. It found that in the Treasury Department alone, for instance, there were twenty-six separate and independent purchasing agencies, each buying supplies. Imagine a great business organization with twenty-six unrelated purchasing agents! That was changed of course; the Treasury now has one purchasing agency. The Department of Commerce had sixteen such agencies; there now is one. And so that phase of the work is progressing through the entire fabric of the Government. The savings, naturally, are enormous.

The Budget Bureau also found that certain Governmental agencies, notably the Army, the Navy, and the Shipping Board, had on hand billions of dollars in surplus supplies. Investigation disclosed also that other Government agencies needed the very articles, in many instances, which were classed as surplus. Here was an opportunity for one branch of the Government to sell, at sheriff sale figures, supplies which other branches of the Government were buying at market prices.

That, too, was changed. Now there is a clearing-house for all Government requirements. When a department needs supplies, its requisition must go to the clearing-house. If another department has them on hand as surplus, an exchange is made, with resultant saving. Not until investigation has shown that the required supplies are not on hand as surplus in the Government's possession is the department making the requisition allowed to purchase them.

That system saves money. Here is one instance:

The Navy needed twenty-nine vessels —cargo steamers, tankers, etc.—to replace worn-out auxiliary craft. Under the old way of doing things, it would have advertised for them. Under the new way, it got them from the Shipping Board, which had the vessels tied up and was paying out money to keep them properly conditioned and under guard. The savings to the public in that item alone exceeded $17,000,000.

Take another case. Taxicabs were required for the use of foreign delegations at the Arms Conference, and the United States Government, as host, sought to provide them. It offered to make a contract with a private taxicab company at Washington, but the price named by the company was considered too high. Through the Bureau of the Budget an arrangement was made to use the War Department's excess passenger automobiles, much more commodious and comfortable than private taxicabs, and $20,000 was thereby saved to the taxpaying public.

One more illustration. The Post Office Department sought to obtain extra trucks to move the flood of Christmas mail. Four hundred War Department vehicles were pressed into service throughout the country, and the saving therefrom totaled approximately $50,000.

Such co-ordination in purchasing was unknown before the enactment of the Budget Law.

In the field of transportation a Federal Traffic Board was installed to effect economy. An Advisory Committee composed of Mr. Lewis J. Spence, Director of Traffic, Southern Railway; Mr. George H. Ingalls, Vice-President of the New York Central Lines; Mr. Lincoln Green, Vice-President of the Southern Railway System; Mr. H. M. Adams, Vice-President of the Union Pacific System; and Mr. Archibald Fries, Vice-President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was named to assist. These gentlemen, serving without pay under the chairmanship of Mr. Ralph C. Caples, an experienced traffic man, have aided and are aiding the Government in its new work under the Budget Bureau.

As expected, the Board is saving public money. An economy of $220,000 was effected in five months by the shipment of Government property by rail and water instead of all rail. A fifty per cent cut in rates (from $2.50 to $1.25 per hundred pounds) has been obtained on all water shipments of Government

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property, a big item, from coast to coast. This in addition to the $220,000 cited above. Within six months, it is estimated, the total savings brought about through the Federal Traffic Board have been not less than $1,250,000. And, in addition, the Board has laid down regulations which will perpetuate this saving annually to an equal or greater sum.

Other great subdivisions of the Bureau of the Budget have been built up and are to-day in effective, though little heard of, operation. Here are a few illustrations of savings not only directly attributable to the Bureau of the Budget, but brought about solely by the Bureau's initiative:

Prohibition officials used to rent private warehouses in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, and other large cities for the purpose of storing their seized contraband. Space that was unused in Government warehouses is now used for that purpose, at an annual saving of $80,000 in rent.

Three hundred Marines guard the mails in New York City. They were housed at the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A. building and were receiving commutation of rations. The Bureau of the Budget found space for them on an unoccupied Shipping Board pier at Hoboken, with a resultant saving to the Government of $300 a day, or more than $100,000 a year.

A transfer of fire extinguishers listed as surplus by the War Department was effected to various other departments. On the market the extinguishers were priced at $10.50 each, as compared with $4.75 paid by the War Department. The savings on that transaction were about $21,000.

The Chicago Postmaster was furnished surplus coal at a saving of more than $8,000; the Marine Corps was enabled to effect a $24,000 saving in obtaining cotton undershirts from the War Department; a saving of $120,000 a year in the upkeep of a cable ship was effected through a transfer; and the Labor Department saved more than $5,000 in a little deal involving the purchase of blankets.

These are some of the ways—a handful drawn for purposes of illustration from thousands—in which the Bureau of the Budget is operating to save money for the American taxpayer.

Just now the Bureau is engaged in the task of paring down the estimates of Government officials as to what they will need to keep their various enterprises going during the coming fiscal year. That part of the work is not spectacular; it is not calculated to make friends for the Director of the Budget; it is not altogether pleasant. It is a hard thing for a man to cut into another man's ambitions, especially if the other man happens to be a personal friend. But that is what Director Lord is having to do to-day, and will have to do to-morrow, and will continue doing until he sends the completed product to the President for transmission to Congress.

General Lord is one of the most popular of army officers. He has spent considerable time in high service with the War Department at Washington. His previous work had to do almost wholly with War Department finances, of which he was in charge. He established a record for efficiency there which has not been eclipsed. Under his administration of its funds the Department came through the last fiscal year without a single deficiency bill. He is trying now to apply that measure of success, so far as it can be applied, to the entire organization of the executive branch of the Government.

He has already received preliminary estimates of next year's requirements from the various departments. Under the law, he will receive final estimates not later than September 15. It will be his task to cut them approximately $600,000,000 to bring about a reduction in the cost of government and hold total expenditures to the limit of total anticipated receipts.

"Our country," said President Harding the other day in addressing a meeting over which General Lord presided, "is one of the few in the world which is now paying its way as it goes, and I must regard with disfavor any tendency to interfere with this condition or to increase taxes."

"Mr. President," said General Lord in response, "we guarantee new and signal triumphs in the field of governmental economy with efficiency."

CLOSE-TO-HOME MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

BY ELON JESSUP

An outdoor activity which demands varying degrees of specialized knowledge on how to walk, creep, writhe, and in certain instances almost hang on by your finger-tips has become extremely popular within recent years. To-day is the heyday of mountain climbing. In the White Mountains of New Hampshire, Rockies of Colorado, Sierras of California—almost any mountain or hill locality, in fact—one finds all ages and both sexes turned mountaineer, youngsters as well as grown folk scaling towering peaks.

This general popularity of mountain climbing is gratifying to any one who likes to see the outdoors made the most of. It is a recreation which is good for the soul and good for the body. A Swiss guide once remarked: "I have no evil thoughts when I am climbing a mountain."

Which sums up with engaging simplicity one side of this excellent sport. The present article, however, is mainly concerned with physical aspects. The good works of mountain climbing are numerous in this respect. With practice, mountaineering develops nimbleness and all-around strength of body, strong lung power, fine sense of balance, caution, teaches one properly to preserve energy and how to keep one's nerves under control. The game gives and demands all-around development rather than specialized muscular development.

Next Week

in The Outlook for September 6 will begin

"Under Four Presidents"

The Autobiography of

Oscar S. Straus

Unfortunately, mountain climbing in its present-day popular phase is too often accompanied by high spirits run wild without thought of caution or result. The rules of the game receive an insufficient amount of attention. The exhilarating combination of expanding lungs and hungry imagination now and again blinds one to important practical details. There is a temptation both to overdo and take foolhardy chances, although of course one is not always conscious of running these chances. The experienced mountaineer never, if he can possibly help it, does either. He plays safe.

Mountain climbing is, or should be, considerably more than a haphazard scramble. Some people are born climbers, but, as a rule, the game must be learned in the mill of experience. And it does not make a vast amount of difference where one learns, for the fundamental principles of mountaineering hold good the world over.

The snow-fields and glaciers of the Alps, Canadian Rockies, and Himalayas of course demand a specialized knowledge of snowcraft which is hardly necessary in regions such as the Adirondacks

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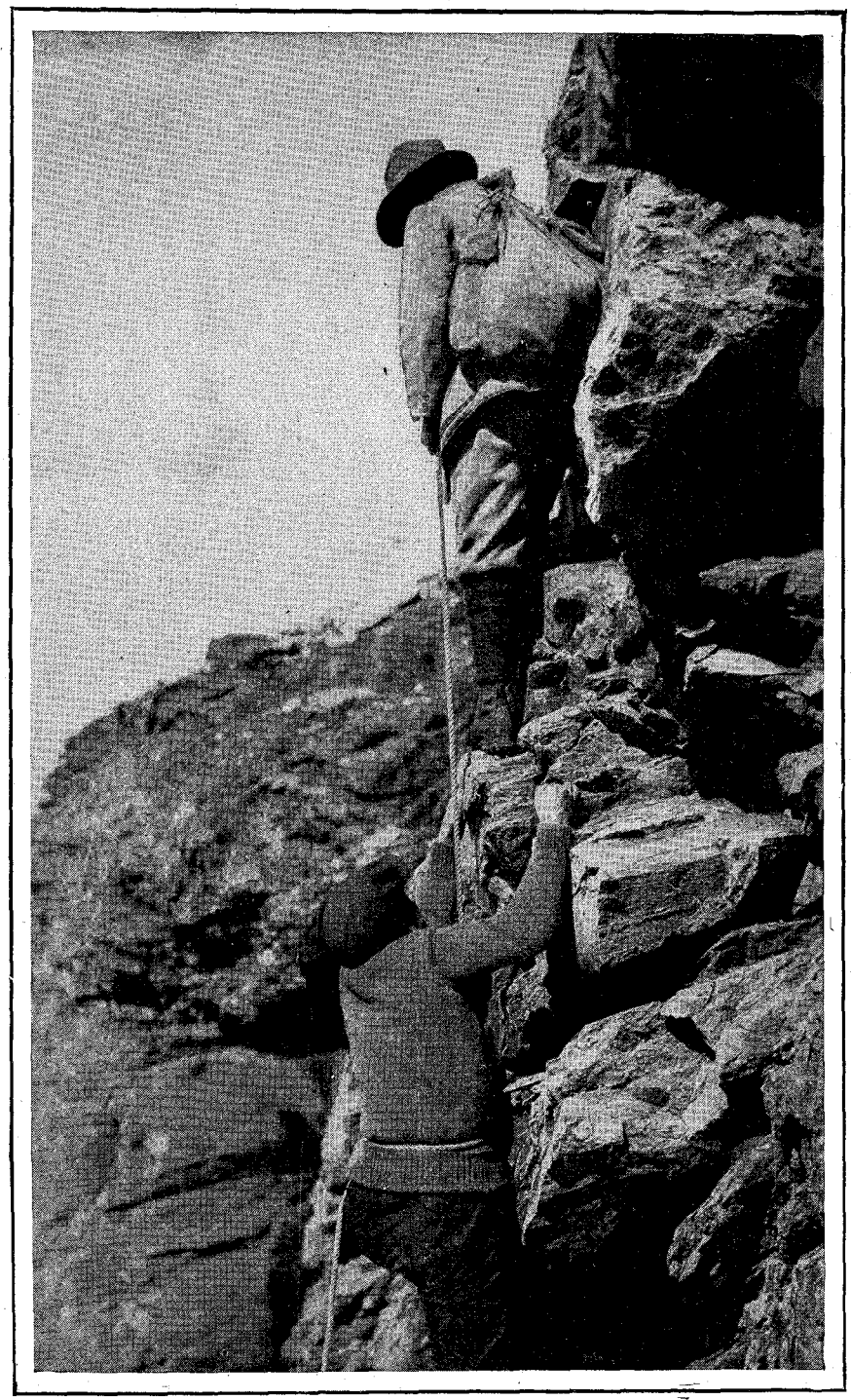

CLIMBING MOUNT SIR DONALD, SELKIRKS, CANADA

and the White Mountains. Snowcraft is a big subject in itself. Yet the fundamental elements of caution, knowledge of natural conditions, and conservation of physical energy are about as essential in one place as another. A fall of fifty feet from the Hudson River Palisades may prove just as fatal as a fall of three thousand feet in the Rockies, a landslide in the White Mountains may be more disastrous than a snowslide in the Alps.

One of the first rules of mountain climbing is that of learning the game by easy stages. I know a girls' camp located in the New Hampshire hills from which every so often during the course of the summer a party of about fifteen girls ranging from eight to thirteen years of age are taken on a four days' climb among the peaks of the White Mountains. They all look forward to this climb as the big event of the summer.

None of the girls, however, is allowed to go until she is in fit physical trim and has set her mind and feet to work learning the fundamentals of mountain climbing in the low foothills close by the camp. She is put through a thorough course of sprouts which will make her feel at home in bigger hill company.

This system is excellent in every respect and fully as applicable to grown-up climbing beginners as it is to children. And with the widening of one's climbing experience, say from the White Mountains to the Rockies, it still holds good. Every mountain range has individual characteristics, and these should be learned under tolerably safe conditions. If your fancy turns to snow-mantled peaks of the Canadian Rockies, learn your mountains and the specialized methods of climbing which these demand on reasonably low and easy peaks of this section before tackling high and difficult monarchs. There are few experiences more terrible than those of becoming physically exhausted and losing one's nerve in a dangerous mountain spot.

The present article is confined for the most part to what might be termed close-to-home mountaineering, meaning thereby that it deals with climbing methods which may be practiced in varying degrees in almost any mountain or hill section on this continent, from the Ramapo Hills to the Canadian Rockies. Snow and ice climbing methods are omitted, for the reason that these are found only in certain regions. Close-to-home mountaineering is far more general than alpine mountaineering.

The two outstanding dangers in almost any sort of climbing are accident and physical strain. The average climber is not so liable to the former as he is to the latter. Even a fairly steep foothill is a strain upon human powers, and while mounting its slope your strength is being pitted against one of nature's greatest forces.

It is only when this strain is reduced to its minimum that you have the proper kind of climbing. Which for the most part means being in fit physical trim before tackling a mountain and knowing how to preserve one's energy on the way up. A ten-year-old boy, for example, is likely to be endowed with a greater supply of spirits than wise judgment, and for this reason will stand watching and advice. By all means encourage his mountain-climbing ambitions, but teach him how to climb. And in all instances give due consideration to the condition of the heart and lungs, for the strain upon these organs is great.

Methods of getting to the top of a mountain or hill vary with local conditions, but whether you climb in the Adirondacks, Berkshires, Alps, or Rockies there is up-hill and down-hill walking to be done, and this means a different sort of foot-work than that to which one is accustomed on level ground. Let me explain the energy-saving technique of walking up a fairly steep slope.

If you were to ask the average small boy (and not a few of his elders) to demonstrate the best method of mounting a slope, he would probably start off at top-notch speed and with each stride upward he would give a vigorous spring with the toes of the rear foot, or, in other words, *push* himself up the slope; a proceeding comparable in some respects to lifting yourself by your bootstraps. A great deal of spirit and foot-work, to be sure, but not much head-work. He is throwing stored-up energy

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to the winds and playing havoc with the muscles of the calves of his legs.

A similar demonstration on the part of an experienced mountain climber shows a notable difference. In this case the whole body seems to be doing the walking. In place of high spirits we find even rhythm and leisurely restraint. The rear foot, instead of being pushed upward, is *pulled* upward. No one set of muscles is being overburdened; the work of climbing is being equitably distributed throughout the body. If the slope proves too steep for comfort while walking upward in a straight line, the course is changed to a zigzag route. Paradoxical as it may seem, the longest route to the top sometimes proves the shortest.

There is a slight swaying motion to the body of the experienced climber and his steps are fairly short. When he reaches level spots in the slope, his stride is lengthened a trifle but the speed is not appreciably increased. Always on both steep and level stretches he walks with the heel as well as the ball of the foot planted flat on the ground, even though it is necessary to place the foot sidewise to the slope in order to accomplish this. To mount a slope solely on the toes and balls of the feet, so that the heel is left suspended in air without support, means great waste of energy. This is commonly done by beginning climbers.

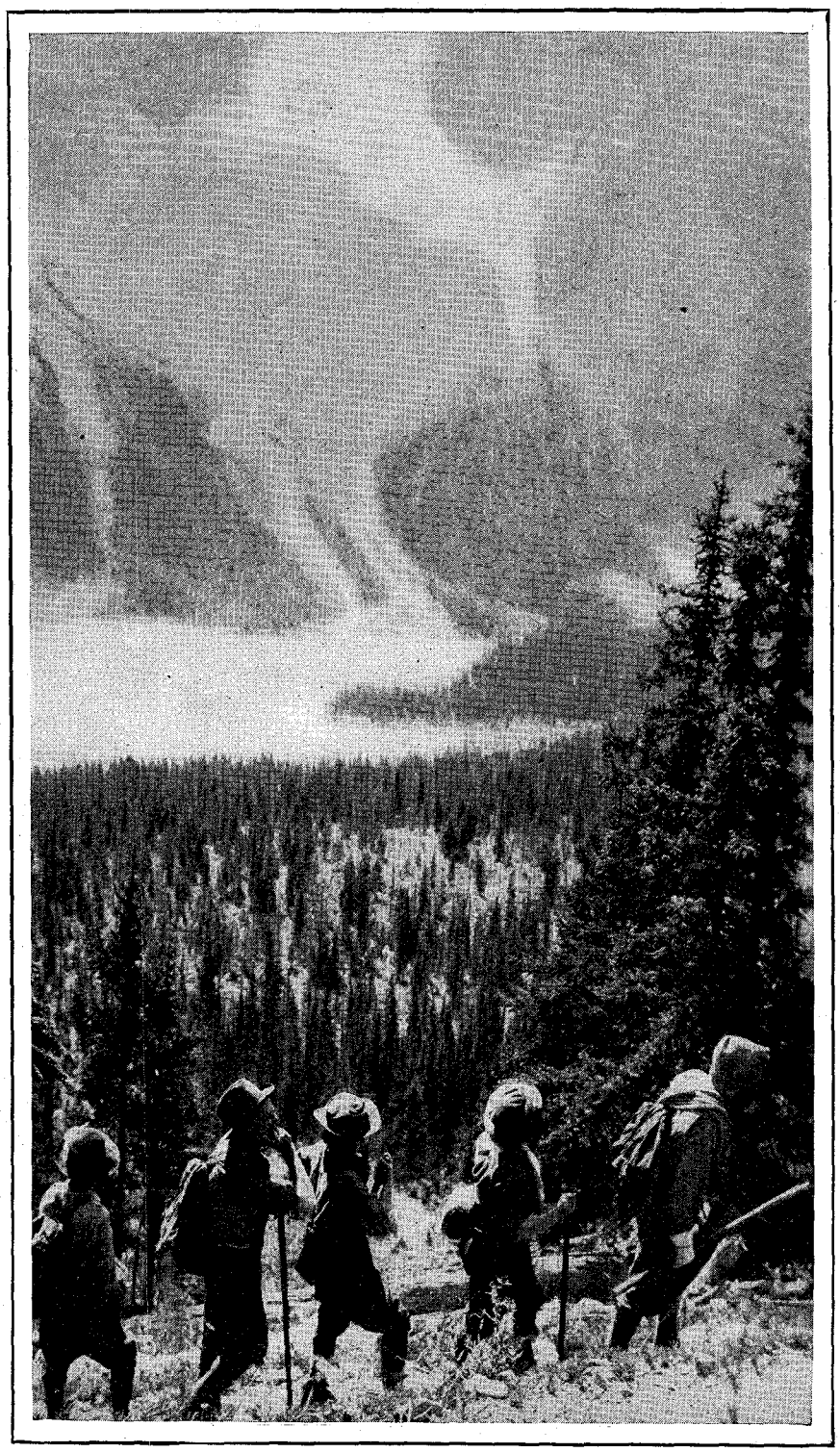
While climbing a slope, one now and again slips backward from stepping on loose stones, mud, or wet grass. The beginning mountaineer under such conditions is likely to resemble a horse in a treadmill; he makes frantic efforts to hold his balance and regain lost ground, but fails to think about lost energy. The seasoned climber, on the other hand, acts as the condition of the slope warrants. The loosening of a single small stone may sometimes start a dangerous rock-slide, and in such a case one must get off to one side in a hurry, out of harm's way. But as a general rule a slip is a wholly innocent proceeding; the experienced mountaineer amiably allows himself to slip without making any effort whatever to stop, and then when he has ceased slipping goes back again to his leisurely rhythmic climbing.

Expanses of loose small rocks or great boulders are likely to be encountered on occasional slopes, and these should be regarded with suspicion and trod with catlike caution. Small rocks should never be dislodged from their positions if one can possibly help it, and when stepping from one of the larger rocks to the next it is wise, as a rule, to plant the foot upon the sharp edges. The flat surface of a large rock may seem an inviting foothold, but it is not likely to be so certain as one of the edges.

In crossing a tilted expanse of great boulders it is far safer to step from one to the next than to walk on the ground. It would be foolhardy to walk between two boulders, for there is always the chance that the boulder above may break loose as the result of some slight jar. In stepping from one boulder to the next the climber must be constantly on his guard against a sprained ankle. Due to the uneven nature of the footing, such a possibility is rather greater in this particular variety of climbing than in most others. Alertness of eye in picking the right footholds and the thought in mind that you will sprain your ankle unless you are very cautious serve perhaps as the greatest safeguards against such an occurrence.

To return to ordinary, every-day slope climbing, with special reference to the descent. The principles of descending a slope are somewhat different from those of mounting it. Just as in uphill climbing the natural gait is one of leisure, so on the downward course the natural gait is one of speed. But not too much speed, or one is likely to land in the lap of trouble; not a harum-scarum down-hill plunge in which the feet function more quickly than the eye. One should know every moment just where one's feet are stepping.

The best gait, except for fairly level stretches, is one which is more of a canter than a walk; the footprints are close



FOLLOWING A ZIGZAG TRAIL IN THE VALLEY OF TEN PEAKS, CANADIAN ROCKIES

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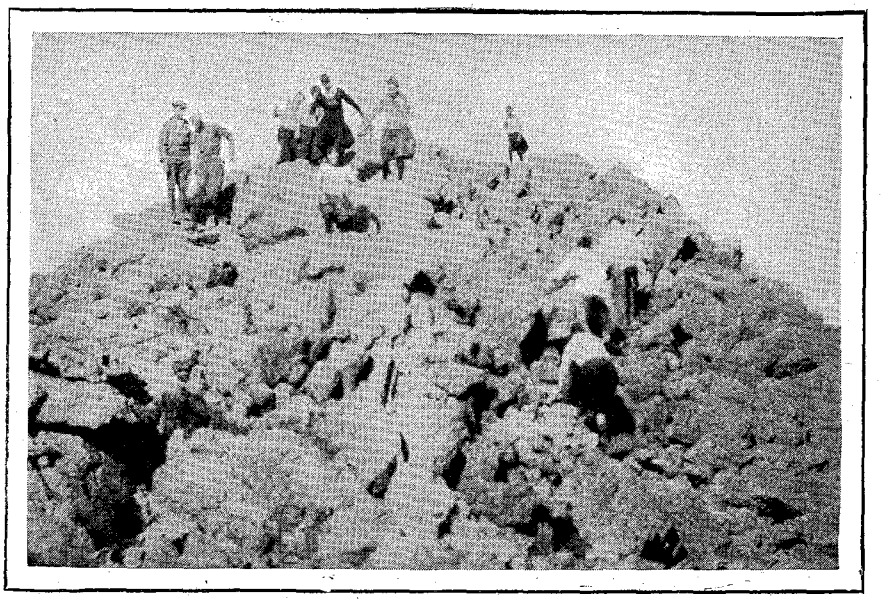


A PARTY ON THE PEAK OF MOUNT MADISON, WHITE MOUNTAINS

together in pairs, instead of being evenly separated as in ordinary walking. If one foot lands upon an insecure foothold, the other foot is close by to hold the ground and thus prevent a tumble. The legs function more like springs during the descent than they do in the ascent. The jar of one's descending body demands this. The knees should be bent, although not too much so. Springiness of legs lessens the chances of a sprained ankle, although one must always be on guard against this accident during the descent of a slope.

The most dangerous type of climbing is that of scaling a precipitous rock cliff. This variety of climbing should be taken by extremely easy and safe stages until one has acquired a workable knowledge of rockcraft. And rockcraft demands, among other things, the cautious paws of a cat, the sharp eye of an eagle, and the steady nerves of a mountain goat. If these attributes can be augmented by a fair knowledge of geology, so much the better. If one is climbing a mountain which is in a rapid state of disintegration, it is expedient to bear this fact in mind as one strainingly reaches for a far handhold or foothold. Likewise, one must study the tilt of the rock strata. Strata which project upward furnish holds which the reverse lay of the rock does not.

The instructions of a Swiss guide with whom I climbed Mount Sir Donald, in the British Columbia Selkirks, go far toward summing up rockcraft in a few words. As we were about to tackle the sheer rock cliffs which towered above glaciers and snow he said:

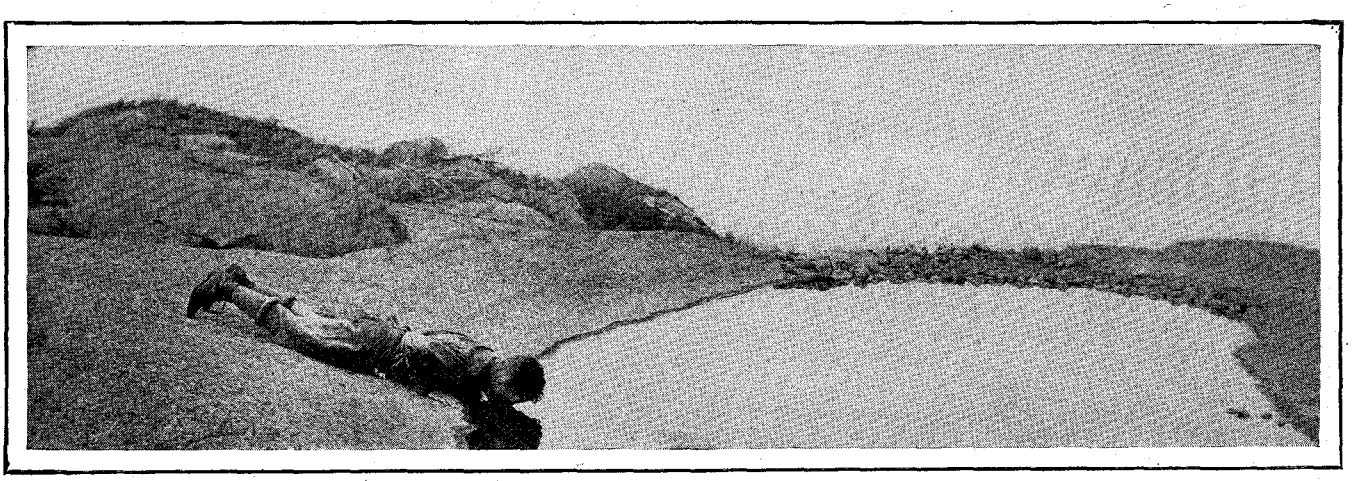
"From now on we're going to be four-legged animals. Hands do as much work as feet. Test every new hand and foot hold before you trust it. Take your time. Go slow."

As indicative of the technique of rock climbing in general, I will briefly relate some of the methods which we used in scaling the tilted face of that stupendous mass of rock known as Mount Sir Donald. We left our alpenstocks behind at snow-line. These staffs, which are so necessary on snow slopes, are in rock work a far greater encumbrance than help. Our rope line slowly writhed up the face of rock, only one man moving at a time. I used the word "writhe" advisedly. Rockcraft demands a gradual shifting of one's weight when mounting a sheer cliff. There is never a sudden spring, as in climbing a stairway.

Our hobnails underfoot doggedly gripped inch-wide ledges, yet we were careful not to place too great an amount of confidence in these footholds alone. Three of one's four limbs should be constantly anchored to various nooks, ledges, and projections. Hands oftentimes become more important than feet. Every nook and projection in which we hoped to put our trust we first regarded with suspicion. In the majority of instances our suspicions proved to be ungrounded, for it so happens that Sir Donald is an especially substantial mass of rock. On a crumbling mountain our proportion of safe holds would not have been nearly so large. For the same reason, the danger from stone missiles dropping from above was lessened, although more than once there came a warning clatter which induced us to flatten ourselves against the face of rock until the reason for the clatter bounced off into space.

The descent was in some respects more difficult than the ascent; a quite different variety of descent, I can assure you, than the speedy canter which has been described in connection with the ordinary mountain slope. Eyes are located in one's head, but in descending a cliff you really need them more in the feet. Furthermore, while ascending one is almost constantly facing the gray rock so encouragingly close to one's eyes and does not give much thought to the dizzy drop below, whereas during the course of the descent one sees quite a bit of that dizzy drop and cannot wholly help thinking about it, however hard one may try to banish it from the mind.

It is at such a time that one who is inexperienced in the ways of rockcraft may be taken with that strange physical and mental confusion known as dizziness. Steady nerves play an important rôle in rockcraft. Before attempting a difficult rock climb one should make sure first that the nerves will stand the strain. And remember the first and last rule of this type of climbing, which is—never make even the slightest move in a hurry.



EVEN RAIN-WATER IS A GOOD DRINK AFTER THE HARD PULL UP MOUNT AMPERSAND, IN THE ADIRONDACKS

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THE BOOK TABLE

GOMBO

BY CARLETON BEALS

GOMBO is not the name of an elephant, a Siamese prince, or the latest breakfast food. It is a royal château of King Victor Emmanuel, of the house of Savoy, and is situated on the Ligurian seacoast near the mouth of the Arno River—a little gem of a retreat surrounded by four hundred square kilometers of pine and oak forests and plantation lands known as the Cascine Vecchie di San Rossore. The Cascine was founded by the Medici; the present buildings at Gombo were built for the pastime of the kings of Italy.

But far more significant: On July 8, 1822, Percy Bysshe Shelley, while crossing the Gulf of Spezzia from Leghorn for Lerici in the Don Juan, was drowned in a summer tempest directly opposite the gates of Gombo. Two weeks later his body was tossed up on the shore. The pockets of his coat were still bulging with a volume of Sophocles and Keats's last book of poems doubled back to the "Eve of St. Agnes." On August 16 the body was burned on the sands in the presence of friends: Leigh Hunt; Mary Godwin Shelley, his wife and author of "Frankenstein;" Lord Byron; and Edward John Trelawney, "who loved Shelley, traced out his corpse and snatched from the fire the Heart of Hearts."

Happening to be in Pisa on a hiking tour through Tuscany, I was able to visit Gombo one hundred years, to the very day, after the poet was drowned. The whole of the previous afternoon I wasted trying to secure a special permit to wander at will through the Cascine and out to the beach, but, whether such permits are not granted or whether I looked too seedy, I was unsuccessful.

So, on the hot morning of the 8th, I set out boldly, not with a Colt in my hip pocket, but armed with a small wad of lire, which in this modern age of over-touristed Italy are more potent than pen, sword, or the cross. Knapsack on my back, kodak at the hip, two sandwiches in an inside pocket of my shirt, staff in hand, I swung over the Arno by the Ponte Mezzo, down the long cool arcades of the Borgo Largo, through the vast Piazza Duomo with its tilted campanile, its gray Cathedral and Baptistery, its Campo Santo, out through the New Gate and along the Stradone delle Cascine—a straight white road flanked with poplar trees and sluggish irrigation ditches.

Carts creaked past loaded with pine cones and wood from the royal forests, high-bodied white oxen tugged patiently at great timbers, quivering thoroughbred horses were enjoying their morning outing. Here and there barefoot men crept warily along the canal-banks hunting for eels, or flung their flies for fish smaller than the thumb, or wielded enormous nets fastened at the four corners to bamboo cross-sticks. A glorious walk under the spreading trees with vistas of open hay fields and the dark green of the forests beyond!

After four miles the road parted, flowing around a wire fence that inclosed the administration buildings of the vast royal estate. I turned rapidly to the right. But a warden wearing Puss-in-Boots buskins and a green feather in his gray hat intercepted me.

I gave him an ingenuous smile. "This, I presume, is the road to Gombo."

He picked me over with a hostile eye. "Ughuh. Let's see your *permesso*." Then he pointedly informed me my journey had come to an end.

"That's too bad," I said, mournfully. "I had set quite a store on walking through the Cascine." I added some comments about the beauty of the country, the picturesqueness of his costume, the kindness of Italians, and the loyalty of the King's servants, finding an excuse for lingering by taking an exposed film from my kodak.

"If you *should* go in," the warden speculated, rubbing his chin, "you couldn't take that kodak along."

I promptly handed it across, remarking that I felt quite safe in leaving it in his custody. He took it dubiously.

"But say, just *why* do you want to go to Gombo? *Perchè, perchè?*"

"Well, a poet was drowned there"—that was what I had meant to say, but in reality had stumbled upon one of those many confusing preterit and perfect tenses with which Italian abounds, so that my remark in reality was: "Well, a poet has just been drowned there."

"What!" With a hairy, sun-burned hand he promptly beckoned me inside the wire inclosure and locked the gate behind me. Telling me to wait "with patience," he leaped on a bicycle and pedaled furiously off toward the buildings. In a few minutes he pedaled furiously back.

Presently a fat paunch, bedecked with a massive gold chain, waddled around a turn in the path. The newcomer regarded me suspiciously and demanded:

"You say a man has died near Gombo?"

"Yes, a poet."

"How'd he get in?"

"He didn't. His boat capsized, and his body was thrown up on the shore."

"No *body* has never come this way—*mai, mai!*"

"It was burned on the sand—by friends."

The fat man exchanged a sharp glance with the warden. "Now look here," he went on, "what was the name of this here poet?"

"Shelley."

"*Scelli.* Italian, *davvero?*"

"No, English."

"*Ma!*" Relief relaxed his features. He felt himself on firmer ground. Englishmen are always doing unusual things. "When did you say this happened?" he asked.

"July 8—"

"What! And his body already burned!"

"Excuse me; I meant July 8, 1822. A hundred years ago to-day."

The fat man wrinkled his brows painfully. Well, Englishmen were queer, poets were probably worse, and Americans were sons of Englishmen—it worked out quite syllogistically: A dead poet and a modern "nut" wanting to see where he had died. His fatness consulted volubly and passionately with the warden, using enough gestures to have appreciably reduced his weight had he held dumb-bells in his hands. I was to be allowed to proceed. The fat official waddled off mumbling. The warden gave me my final instructions.

"Mind now, don't take your coat off; that would be showing disrespect for his Majesty; and don't go wandering off the road—*sempre diretto diretto.* They won't let you past Gombo to the sea, but—well, have you anything to eat? You can't eat on the royal farms, you know."

He pawed painstakingly through my knapsack, meticulously examined an aluminum alcohol cooking outfit, then made me throw away small quantities of tea and sugar. I thanked my stars for the two sandwiches inside my shirt.

And so with the warden's final "*Capito, capito?*" (understand?) ringing in my ears, down the straight road I stepped through the King's four hundred square kilometers of plantation and forest.

No more shade trees arched overhead; the sun was now high and blazing hot, the dust eddying up from my feet acrid and choking. After a cautious glance back toward the group of administration buildings, I sacrificed respect for comfort by removing my coat.

On either side well-tended forests stretched for miles. At intervals an unseen cuckoo, that prince of European birds, would call to me; rabbits started up from the roadside; fat partridges whirred out of sight through the trees. The shady depths looked cool and inviting. But I set my face resolutely to the hot, white roadway that is a two-mile rule laid down between the administration buildings and Gombo.

At Gombo a pompous caretaker in shirt-sleeves—where was his respect for royalty?—came to the latticed fence. I peered curiously through at the queer, steep-roofed, gabled red and yellow buildings, and informed him gently that I had come to see Gombo. But Gombo was not to be seen under any circumstances!

"At least I may look at the sea?"

"The road ends here," he said, oddly

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puffing out his cheeks at the corners of his lips.

I patiently explained that I had come all the way from America to gaze upon the sea at this particular spot—I avoided the subject of dead poets; that I had walked these many miles just for that purpose. I waxed eloquent—or at least he pitied me.

"But you can't leave this main road," he said, but more kindly. "Still, I suppose that if you kept close to the fence—not an inch away—it might not be construed as leaving the road; it might be construed that you were following the road if it did keep going."

He stuck his hand through the fence. I seized and shook it heartily. He licked his thick lips and gave me a hurt glance. So I shook his hand again, more genteelly, with less American gusto, and then—of course—I slipped a two-lire note into his palm (not quite ten cents at present exchange rates). He beamed shinily, and I followed the road that was not a road.

"And, whatever you do," he called after me, "don't go in bathing. That is highly treasonable. All this coast is reserved for the King."

I thanked him again and continued along the fence, dodging around deserted concrete sentry-boxes until I came at last to the Ligurian Sea.

The greenest of green seas and a forlorn sandy shore—this is the outlook from Gombo. Save for the royal bathing pavilion, thatched and weatherbeaten, save for a rickety diving pier and three or four palm-leaf shooting blinds, the coast stretches for miles without a sign of human handiwork; only far south, at the mouth of the Arno, the village of Marina is a fleck of gold on the white sands. My gaze wandered out over the green, green sea to the tiny purple island of Gorgona, then, swinging about the palest of blue horizon circles, rested upon the hazy mountains beyond Lerici—that never-reached goal.

My mood changed—one of those quick shifts in the human feelings that transforms the whole aspect of the universe. The spirit of the lost poet hovered over the shore, investing it with pathos and solemnity. His impassioned and meteoric career flashed before my retrospection. The waves rose and broke with that same austere and relentless rhythm which cadences the last and sublime passage of "Prometheus:"

To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!

And telling over these last lines, I was possessed by a burning urge to feel the sea against my chest, the same sea that had taken his life. I was sweating; I was parched with a thirst that the lukewarm water from my canteen would not allay. All the King's horses and all the King's men would have had to stand between me and those low diving Mediterranean breakers. Quicker than the telling, I was running into the surf; and a dashing wave broke in a dazzle of spray over my head, and a quick delicious chill shot through my body. Glorious—for a second.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

From a crayon copy of Miss Curran's oil portrait in the Bodleian Library

But all the time I was thinking of Shelley; of the catastrophic blow with which nature had felled him as a lesson in real charity to those whose bigotry had helped to drive him into exile; of the momentary peace and relaxation, perhaps, with which he had set sail that clear, hot morning a hundred years ago. I thought of the mockery of that last ambitious and unfinished poem, "The Triumph of Life," for fate, it would seem, had determined to punish the audacity of his having seized upon such a theme. I thought of the story of Job which he was planning to put in metrical dress, and I wondered whether the Job he might have created would have been a greater soul even than Prometheus—a soul whose lofty patience would ultimately have shamed an unjust tribal god into righteousness; who would have hoped as did Prometheus until hope created from its own wreck the thing it contemplated; who would thus have achieved spiritual liberation, even as Shelley had done during those years when English public opinion was tearing at his vitals. I imagined the poet pondering over this great new poem, matching its rhythm with the pulse of the sea he was riding, a pulse which quickened to violent fury, and I visualized his own life enacting the tragedy he might have written.

And suddenly the very salt of the sea seemed to carry the tang of his spilled blood, and the sea had grown more warm than the surrounding air. I was being bathed in something more than sea, and the surf beating on the shore seemed still to carry the echo of his dying cries. I ran naked up the shore, shaking the big drops from my body with something like fright. Panting, I lay down in the sun to dry.

All around the horizon the clouds were puffing up into the azure sky, but their stalks were black, like those of white mushrooms springing from mire. And almost in awe, I watched the gathering storm, wondering what poet—this hundred years later, when the world is once more a fury of hate and destruction—what poet, what great soul is, perchance, perishing to whom the world will some day pay its belated homage.

And my hand fell upon a heap of purple shells; white on the back, purple in the hollow, and where the purple melted into white their texture was like the skin of a beautiful woman—or a poet—beneath which delicate veins flowed with rich life. Were I living in a less practical-minded age, I might have imagined that the gods had willed that the shells on this coast be forever tinted with the blood that had pulsed from the great "*cor cordium*." Certainly the blood in the veins of Shelley was of royal purple, more royal than that of the kings of the House of Savoy who have usurped the shore where he died; for, though there are greater poets than Shelley, he, and perhaps he alone, stands with Dante in loftiness, purity, steadfastness of soul, unshaken honesty of purpose, and unflinching idealism.

And when I had dressed and tramped back around the road that was not a road and the road that was a road; when I finally redeemed my kodak, I gave the green-plumed warden two purple shells.

"These," I told him, "are worth more than all the lire ever printed by the Banca d'Italia, for they are tinted with the blood of a poet."

And now I know the perplexed fellow believes me mad. Purple shells! Purple shells and an afternoon filled with the glamour of departed greatness. Purple shells and dreams.

Florence, Italy.

THE NEW BOOKS

POETRY

BALLAD-MAKER'S PACK (A). By Arthur Guiterman. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

If Arthur Guiterman's poetry was as perfect as his rhymes, he would be the finest poet in America. But, alas for Arthur Guiterman! it is not so. "A Ballad Maker's Pack," for instance, affords the reader a deal of dexterous matter in point of technique, but rarely ever is that unexplainable urge which

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transmutes verse into authentic poetry to be discovered. His grace and spontaneity should be perceptible to all; his facility is undoubted. It is a fatal facility, however, and it would undoubtedly be better for the versifier if his stanzas did not come so easily. He writes about everything in the 260 pages of his book—sentimental verses, patriotic effusions, legends, peeps at other lands, nature verse, anything the reader desires. The plethora is so great that it is impossible to give a fair estimate of the writer by quotation.

DRAMA

WHITEHEADED BOY (THE). By Lennox Robinson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.75.

Those people who witnessed the production of Lennox Robinson's amusing three-act comedy by the Irish Players last season will hardly need any comment relative to the play. "The Whiteheaded Boy" is fairly representative of the contemporary manner of the Irish stage. No small part of its success is due to the mellow drollery of the dialogue, which is distinguished by a delightfully light touch. It sets off admirably the apt character.

THE MAIL BAG

BIRDS AS MONEY SAVERS

In the issue of The Outlook for June 21 I read with interest "How Birds May Save a Billion Dollars' Worth of Foodstuffs a Year." As a lover and protector of bird life, I heartily agree with all Mr. Moulton says except his statement in regard to the bob-white. He says: "The policy of absolute protection recently adopted by one of the States is not called for by strictly economic considerations." Doubtless he refers to Ohio, and I want to say that with us it was a policy of absolute protection or extinction.

Ohio is a great industrial as well as agricultural State. Towns and cities are close together, and our farms are overrun by hunters and trespassers, many of whom hunt without permission of the landowner and assume that everything is free in the country. Can you imagine the feelings of a farmer who had found a little flock of frightened quail on his farm, petted and fed them through an ice-bound winter, only to have them ruthlessly exterminated during the open season the following fall? Persecuted as they were by dog and gun, the time came when they were rarely seen, except now and then one with a broken wing or a leg shot off that had escaped the hunter's bag to die of pain and starvation.

We farm folks know that the bob-white is our most faithful ally in our endless war on weeds and insect pests; we know too that bob-white never did a harmful thing in his life, and that the meat on his little breast would never pay for the ammunition and time required to kill him. Largely through the efforts of the Ohio State Grange, State Senator C. A. White of Lisbon, Ohio, and the farmers of the State generally, a law was finally enacted putting bob-white on the song-bird list, where he should be. A few years of protection and two open winters have increased his kind wonderfully. They step daintily and fearlessly about our premises now, even condescending to answer our rather inferior whistle, and we are proud of their friendly confidence.

Sportsmen and manufacturers of ammunition are making a desperate effort to get them back on the game-bird list. Some of their arguments might be amusing if they were not so maliciously false. One is that the bird, being so very prolific, will soon become more numerous than the country can support. We reply that when they do will be time enough to begin the slaughter. Another is that, since they are no longer valued as game birds, they are becoming extinct through starvation and neglect; yet it is an undeniable fact that they are many times as numerous as they were when on the game list. Another is that unless the coveys are shot to pieces annually the species will deteriorate through inbreeding and eventually become extinct; and we are moved to inquire sarcastically how they think Mother Nature ever managed to run her business before they came on the scene with a shotgun.

If sportsmen want to do the country an economic favor, let them have an open season the year around for rabbits and red squirrels, for these two pests destroy billions of dollars' worth of foodstuffs annually and do no perceptible good. Or, if they must shoot birds, let them try their marksmanship on blue jays and English sparrows, whose vices outnumber their virtues and who do their utmost to drive out more desirable birds.

In winter droves of juncos, titmice, chickadees, white-breasted nuthatches, five or six different varieties of woodpeckers, and a few cardinals come to the writer's home for feed. We hang suet and bones on trees about the house, and even on the back porch, where the smaller birds, especially chickadees, come quite fearlessly. A high shelf on the porch is kept supplied with crumbs, and some are scattered on the ground, for juncos prefer crumbs and will eat meat only as a last resort. An ear of easy-shelling corn is fastened on a window ledge for the cardinals, as this is the only place we have found where the jays, sensing our hostility, will not molest them. Evergreen trees afford a welcome shelter for all.

In the springtime horsehair, bits of string, cotton, and other nest-building material scattered about help to attract the migratory birds. A hollow behind our house, with a stream of spring water and scattered forest trees interspersed with cherry and mulberry, makes a paradise for more birds than I have time or space to mention here. All summer long they furnish us with exquisite music and protection for garden and orchards. It is well worth any one's while to cultivate the friendship of birds.

MARY CALDWELL.

Leetonia, Ohio.

COLONEL THOMPSON DEFENDS THE A. A. U. AND REPLIES TO "AMERICA'S BOSS-RIDDEN ATHLETICS"

In The Outlook of April 19 you printed an article by Newton Fuessle, called "America's Boss-Ridden Athletics," and featured it on your title-page.

In this article Mr. Fuessle refers to the American Olympic Association as an arm of and a "subsidiary of the Amateur Athletic Union," and makes a series of grave charges against the A. A. U. By featuring Mr. Fuessle's article The Outlook indorses his charges, and as The Outlook passes into the libraries of the best element in the country, these charges, if unanswered, remain a continuing charge which must necessarily weaken the influence of the American Olympic Association, and therefore I ask you to publish the following statement.

The A. O. A. was organized to promote the Olympic Games—that is, international amateur sports—to encourage every American youth, not merely to better his muscular development, but to make the best possible body that the thews and sinews given him by God and his ancestors will permit; to elevate and broaden the standards by which athletes to compete in the games are chosen; and to kindle in their souls such a love and respect for the United States that the world will say, as Baron de Coubertin, creator and President of the International Olympic Committee, said of our 1912 team at Stockholm: "Until your teams are animated by the same patriotism which controls the representatives of the United States you cannot hope to compete with them."

If all the organizations that participated in the meeting of November 25,

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1921, join the A. O. A., it will represent every sport association in the country—those that deal with men who may now compete in the Olympic Games, those interested in youth who in the future may compete, and great organizations like the golf and tennis associations not yet represented in the Olympic Games.

The A. O. A. will not be controlled by any group or faction; it will be a senate, the members of which are elected by independent organizations. There will be two parties in the A. O. A., just as there are in the United States two political parties—one that believes in States' rights, and one that believes in a strong Central Government; the one administered by volunteers trying to produce "individuals," the other trying to produce good classes; the one believing in unpaid management, the other in highly paid expert management. Both parties have good and evil in their composition, and both are animated by a strong desire to do good.

There is room for both in the American Olympic Association, and the associations that fail or refuse to join the A. O. A. will fail to do their full duty to the United States.

The A. O. A. has nothing to do with the management of National sports; it has everything to do with the international Olympic Games. It will control the "try-out games," prescribe standards for the competitors in those games from the winners in which the men who are to compete in the Olympic Games must be selected, take the team to the games, and see that they conduct themselves properly while there.

The A. O. A. will have enough to do without joining in any of our home disputes, which always have and always will occur, just as we will always have different political groups.

I am perfectly certain that on the next Olympic team we will have representatives of the Army and the Navy, of the colleges, and of the great athletic organizations of the country, working together in perfect harmony, maintaining the same high American standards as did the team of 1912, and securing even better results in the sports than did that historic team.

I hold no brief for the A. A. U., but that organization is a member of the A. O. A.; it always has taken, and probably always will take, a prominent part in Olympic Games; and in fairness to that organization I submit the following statement, the facts therein being within my own knowledge or obtained from official sources:

Mr. Fuessle says: "A self-appointed and self-perpetuating hierarchy of bosses absolutely controls America's representation at the Olympic Games." This statement is untrue.

For instance, on the 1912 team at Stockholm, riding was represented by five Army officers designated by Major-General Leonard Wood, then Chief of Staff of the Army. The Rifle Team represented the Rifle Association and included a Princeton professor, but was mainly composed of officers and men of the Army and Navy, and was captained by the then Lieutenant-Commander (now Captain) Harris Laning.

The Fencing Team had on it officers of the Army and Navy, and it represented, and the men were chosen by, competitions held by the Amateur Fencers' League.

The Revolver and Shotgun Teams were chosen by and represented their own associations. The Army, represented by Colonel George Patten, contended in the pentathlon.

The track and field athletes, representing athletic associations from all parts of the country, contended at try-out games held in various parts of the country, and the winners at these games were the "Track and Field" athletes on the Olympic team. I can conceive of no fairer or better method of selection, and certainly no "self-appointed and self-perpetuating hierarchy of bosses" controlled America's representation on this team.

On the team were Army, 11; Navy, 4; undergraduates, 41; and representatives of various athletic and sport organizations, 112. The team of 1920 was selected while many of the young athletes of the country were still in the Army and Navy, and was composed of Army, 54; Navy, 37; undergraduates, 56; and athletic organizations, 200.

The team was sent to Antwerp on an Army transport, and had probably the same treatment and the same accommodations that our soldiers had. It is common knowledge that the world was not on a normal basis and that the comforts of 1912 could not be expected in 1920. Still, the team did wonders, secured 557 points, and our Fencing Team, captained by an Army officer, Major F. W. Honeycutt, won the third place over the strong British team. So much for the teams.

Now for the committees that managed them, described by Mr. Fuessle as "a small and arbitrary group." The American Olympic Committee that supervised the games of 1912 was organized in 1911 at a meeting of representatives of the National associations of the sports generally featured at the Olympic Games.

A large committee was selected, on which were representatives of every section of the country, and an Executive Committee on which were the three representatives of the International Olympic Committee: Professor William Sloan of Princeton, Allison V. Armour, and that fine gentleman and sportsman Everett Wendell, who, alas! is no longer with us. On that Committee were representatives of the Army and Navy, the Fencers' League, the Rifle and Revolver Associations, the Intercollegiate A. A. A. A., and the A. A. U.

After the 1920 games it was suggested that a permanent Olympic Association should be formed, and at a meeting held in New York on November 25, 1921, to organize an American Olympic Association, two proposed constitutions were submitted—one to form an American Olympic Association, and the other to form a Federation of Athletic Associations. The meeting voted to adopt the first constitution, and the representatives of the Associations who favored the Federation withdrew, and declined to join the A. O. A. The trouble was largely due to a misunderstanding of Clause Six of Article III in the constitution as adopted. The Federation representatives believed that under this clause the A. A. U. would have absolute control, whereas the fact is that out of 127 votes the A. A. U. had only 35 votes.

The Executive Committee, which should be composed of men especially interested in athletics and qualified to represent America and the American spirit, will have on it, if the Federation and the Army and the Navy finally accept membership in the A. O. A., five men who are officers of the A. A. U., five who are officers of the Army and Navy and Federation, and five who are independent.

Of course it is true that no association can continue to exist if the members of the association are not willing to trust each other, but, from my knowledge of the men, I know that if once they know each other misunderstandings will disappear and the men will work together. The object which we will have at heart is to secure a proper representation of the United States in the Olympic Games, and to have our representation therein so managed as to secure the good will of our foreign competitors.

Mr. Fuessle describes the A. A. U. as "that powerful Amateur Athletic Union, whose strength has been steadily growing for sixty years," and then goes on to say: "The Amateur Athletic Union, known as the A. A. U., in no wise represents the vast number of institutions and organizations from which our athletic strength is recruited."

The A. A. U. is composed of twenty organized districts, representing nearly nineteen hundred organizations, each one of which manages its own games with entire independence, employing the machinery of the A. A. U. only when the games are open. The A. A. U. then steps in to insure that professionals posing as amateurs do not intrude into the games.

One of these A. A. U. district associations, for example, the Metropolitan Association, has in its membership the American Legion of "New York State Department," representing 100,000 members; the Public Schools Athletic League of New York, representing 200,000; the Bankers' Athletic League, composed of thirty-six banks in New York City, representing 15,000; the Municipal Athletic Activities Association of New York, which promotes athletic activities for the employees of the city, representing about 80,000; the Scandinavian-American Athletic League, composed of Swedish, Finnish, Norwegian and other Scandinavian clubs; the Sunday Schools Athletic League; the Western Union Athletic Association; the Amateur Industrial Athletic Association; the Industrial Athletic Association of New Brunswick; the Newark Insurance and Banking Ath-

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tic League; the Y. M. C. A.s of New York, including all the Y. M. C. A.s in the greater city; the Y. M. C. A.s of New Jersey, including all the Y. M. C. A.s in the State of New Jersey north of Trenton.

The Association also included Columbia University, Princeton University, the College of the City of New York, Fordham University, New York University, Rutgers College, Brooklyn College Club, and Cooper Union Night School. There are also the Knights of Columbus councils, Elks' clubs, settlement houses, Young Men's Hebrew Associations, Turn Vereins, all the National Guard Regiments in Greater New York, the Hotel employees' organizations, etc.

Altogether there are 187 independent organizations belonging to the Metropolitan Association. Mr. Fuessle states that the A. A. U. is a clannish organization composed of local and powerful athletic clubs. But the list named above certainly does not bear out his statement.

It is true that the New York Athletic Club and several other clubs are in the Metropolitan District and are members thereof. It is also true that the New York Athletic Club has exactly the same vote as has each unit of the Y. M. C. A. or the Sunday School League.

The New York Athletic Club was organized in 1868 by young men who fought from '61 to '65, and in the more than fifty years of its existence it has constantly worked to promote amateur athletics. I am proud of the fact that I have been twice the President of that club.

I assure you, Mr. Editor, that the way to build up athletics is not by trying to destroy an organization which, as Mr. Fuessle says, "has been growing stronger for sixty years;" and which represents over two million members, each one of whom has an opportunity at the proper time and place to vote for representatives, who in turn select the officials who manage the A. A. U.

In conclusion, let me remind you and let me remind the public that 1924 will soon be here, and that in the meantime we have got to take the necessary steps to provide a team for the Olympic Games of that year. We will provide it and it will be a good one; and let me prophesy that the Army and the Navy and the colleges will take part in selecting and managing that team.

ROBERT M. THOMPSON,
President American Olympic Association

[Colonel Robert M. Thompson, President of the American Olympic Association, replies here to an article based largely on an interview with General Palmer E. Pierce, President of the National Collegiate Athletic Association. The Outlook is of course in sympathy with the principles for which General Pierce stands.

It appears that if all organizations invited to join the American Olympic Association do so, 64 votes will control any meeting. And if, as stated by Colonel Thompson, the Amateur Athletic Union has 35 votes, it is seen that this number is more than half the 64 votes required for a quorum. The result of this voting power is shown by the election of officers on November 25, 1921. The president, three vice-presidents, secretary, and auditor elected on that date by the American Olympic Association were all either officers or prominent members of the Amateur Athletic Union.

Colonel Thompson's defense indicates apparent tentative changes in the constitution of the American Olympic Association, which to some observers reflects the arbitrary control of the A. A. U. and makes many organizations fearful of joining.

Finally, college-trained members of American Olympic teams since 1896 have been responsible for approximately seventy per cent of the successes achieved at the games by American representatives. It seems desirable that the trainers of these men should have appropriate representation in the conduct of the affairs of the American Olympic Association, which, it appears, has been denied to them.—THE EDITORS.]

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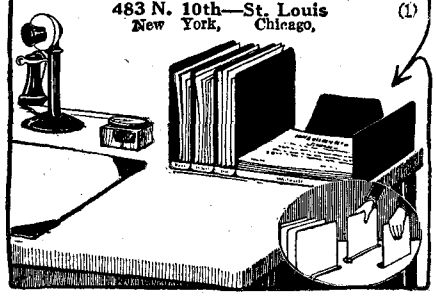

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BY THE WAY

"A CORRESPONDENT seeks to put you straight as to the name of the horse of the famous ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek," a subscriber writes, "and quotes from Sheridan's 'Memoirs' to sustain his claim. But he gives too much weight to Sheridan's words in the 'Memoirs,' for Sheridan does not there say that the horse *always continued to be called 'Rienzi.'* In Hinton and Burr's Life of Sheridan, on page 214, there is an allusion to 'Rienzi, or Winchester as he was called by the General after the battle at that place,' etc. On October 17, 1881, Sheridan wrote to Colonel Herbert E. Hill from Chicago, and, speaking of the ride, says: 'My black horse Winchester was saddled,' etc., and later in the same letter says, 'I rode my black horse Winchester,' etc. On the following day the General wrote again to Colonel Hill saying: 'The black horse Winchester died October 2, 1878,' etc. These two letters are set forth in Hinton's Life of Sheridan, page 212."

"I am built just as other people are built, so far as I can discover," says Mark Twain in "Unpublished Chapters from an Autobiography" in "Harper's Magazine," "and therefore I do prize a good hearty compliment above rubies. But when a man goes beyond compliment, it makes me ashamed. . . . Adulation. Adulation—spoken or hinted. And never earned; never due, to any human being. What a king must suffer! For he knows, deep down in his heart, that he is a poor, cheap, wormy thing like the rest of us."

Prohibition agents who found a still in full operation in a tenement in New York City were regaled with an ingenious explanation by the owner. "I was in an elevator accident once," he explained, "and ever since then I have had to take alcohol baths. Sometimes I get more alcohol from this still than I need for my bath, and that I make into wine for occasional internal use to help me get back my health." Notwithstanding this pathetic plea, the owner was locked up and his still confiscated.

A New England library contains a file of the "Providence Gazette" for 1783. The advertisements occupy an inconspicuous place and are couched in a much humbler style than the appeals of our day. Here are two characteristic examples:

> Samuel Coy Painter, begs leave to inform the Public, that he continues to carry on his Business, in every branch, and is ready to serve his Customers and others at the shortest Notice. He has for Sale, Colours and Putty as usual.—The smallest Favours will be gratefully acknowledged.
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> N. B. He will take any Kind of Country Produce in Pay. At present he is in Want of Stone-Lime, House-Plank, Joist, Yellow Pine Boards, and some other Materials for Building, which will be received in Lieu of Cash, provided they be delivered this Winter.

> To be sold by Olney Winsor, at his Shop, a few Doors Northward of Dr. Arnold's Hay-Scales, a neat and well-bound American Edition of the Holy Bible, Printed by Mr. Robert Aitken, in Philadelphia, and examined, approved and recommended by Congress. As this is the first Edition ever published in our language in this Country, it is presumed that the Curious, as well as the Religious, will wish to be possessed of a copy. They will apply soon, as but few are on Hand.

The "London letter" which is a front-page feature of an issue of the "Providence Gazette" in 1783 contains these items of contemporaneous interest to our forefathers:

> The Americans have made a demand for several hundred thousand pounds, principally for the subsistence of the prisoners taken at Saratoga.

> Anecdote: A few nights since, a celebrated Duke, after supping with the Prince of Wales, and drinking rather freely, gave for a toast, "a speedy coronation!" This intended compliment however failed in its effect; for his Royal Highness, with a proper spirit of indignation, filled a bumper and threw it into the Duke's face. The offender, struck with the impropriety of his own conduct, thought the best way was to put it off with a laugh, and filled his own glass and dashed the contents thereof in the face of ——, who sat next to him, saying, "His Royal Highness hath given us a new fashioned sentiment in preference to my toast, so pray put it round."

> On Monday the 2d inst. died at his apartments, No. 12, Cockspur-street, Mr. Burne, the Irish giant, in the 23rd year of his age. His remains are secured in his coffin which measures upwards of 8 feet 4 inches: His friends are determined to have him carried to Ireland in a few days. All persons desirous of seeing the above coffin, will be admitted this day, at 2s. 6d. each.

The August Bulletin of the American Relief Administration contains this cheerful announcement:

"The Russian people have been snatched from the brink of a catastrophe unequaled in the history of the world's disasters. The generosity of the American people . . . has accomplished the almost impossible. For the last sixty days no one has starved in Russia; the number of deaths from starvation which six months ago threatened to extend into the millions has been limited to a number which certainly will not exceed half a million, if that many. To-day almost ten million destitute people subsist on American foodstuffs bought with American money, transported across the ocean in American ships, and distributed by an inconceivably small group of American personnel."

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